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COMMONWEAL

DISABLED FOR THE KINGDOM
Celibacy, Scripture & Tradition

PAUL E. DINTER

PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST & A CULTURE
A visit to Serbia

MARY ANN GLENDON

REPORTS:
CHILE: Kenneth Aman
CANADA: Jordan Bishop

REVIEWS
FRANCIS FLAHERTY on Kevin Phillips

MADELINE MARGET on Raïssa Maritain

DON WYCLIFF on School choices

CRYSTAL GROMER on Sue Miller

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PAUL [illegible] on Wilfred [illegible] Berry

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CORRESPONDENCE

Is nothing sacred?

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: Congratulations and gratitude for the special section "Regenerating Catholicism" [September 14]. You were gracious to give a unique form of coverage to the forthcoming meeting here in Chicago. On the other hand, how they could have scheduled it for the Saturday that Notre Dame will be playing Stanford is something I will never understand.

(MSGR.) JOHN J. EGAN

Relevance still relevant

Hartford, Conn.

To the Editors: Back in the bad old 1960s one of the great mantras was "relevance." The word was much abused and, sadly, began to seem somewhat silly. It may still seem a sappy standard to some but in the afterglow of the eighties perhaps not to all.

The important part of the "relevance" ethic was the concept of public service; an individual career should bear upon the public good; private and public happiness were bound together. The last time the works of Jefferson or Tom Paine were widely circulated was in the sixties—the decade wasn't all bad.

It is the death of Mary Abigail McCarthy, noted in your issue of September 14, that prompts these comments. Hers is not a name known to many Americans, but she was one of the finest products of the 1960s. Rather than giving up when the decade ended, she grew up. Ms. McCarthy didn't mope around waiting for a new mass movement; she worked on a smaller scale at what could be done. She was one of a number of practical activists of the sixties who have infiltrated the establishment and are making a difference today.

She was supportive of the civil rights cause as a college student and came naturally to the antiwar movement. She was one of a handful of national student leaders who persuaded her fellows to try ballots rather than burning flags and draft cards. After college and law school she became a public defender and then a professor of law at Yale. She was codirector of Yale's legal clinic, where students are immersed in the actual practice of the legal craft. Her interests were legal services for juveniles, the disabled, prison inmates, immigrants, and the indigent.

She was forty-one when she died last July after a long battle with cancer. Her associates said they admired her gallantry as much as her mind and dedication. Few of them knew that she had a famous father and mother—Eugene J. McCarthy, the former senator and presidential candidate, and Abigail McCarthy, the writer and *Commonweal* columnist. Her father said that her commitment to law was incidental to her commitment to justice. Similarly, her dedication to civic affairs was such that the size of the stage mattered less than the action she took upon it.

On Saturday, September 8, the Yale Law School held a memorial service for Mary Abigail McCarthy. There were speeches, tears, music, and a crowd of perhaps five hundred. They came to praise an academic who was not detached; who was committed to her community (not just Yale, but New Haven) and her times. They saluted a practical feminist and do-gooder who also loved travel and laughter. They honored a great teacher, but more, a great person, who remained true to the clear idealism of the sixties without the crutch of nostalgia. W.H. Auden might have had her in mind when he wrote: "...every day they die/ Among us, those who were doing us some good,/ And knew it was never enough but/ Hoped to improve a little by living."

KEITH BURRIS

Keith Burris is an editorial writer for the Hartford Courant.

Beginning with the October 12 issue, the price of single copies of Commonweal *becomes $2 because of increasing production costs. An annual subscription remains $32.*

The cardinal sins

Wilmington, Del.

To the Editors: ACT-UP's acts of desecration at Holy Cross Cathedral in Boston were despicable. Author Robert Dawson [September 14] doesn't tell us whether arrests were made, but there certainly should have been. Equally despicable, however, is Cardinal Bernard Law's fight against any legislation which would punish housing and job discrimination against homosexuals, housing and jobs being matters of fundamental human rights. Also despicable is a church which from bottom to top tends to treat homosexuals of whatever variety as trash.

Commonweal does well to publish articles like Dawson's, but it would be a more honest journal if it were also some time to publish an article on the subject of homophobia in the Catholic church. I might even subscribe if it did.

DAVID RYAN

The editors reply:

In "The Human Rights of Homosexuals" [*Commonweal*, September 8, 1989], Gordon Zahn concluded: "Any religious

(Continued on page 591)

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The penultimate crisis

The story is oil. "It has been oil, is oil, and will be oil." That was the view of a senior vice-president of Shearson, Lehman Brothers after the largest single-day jump in oil prices in seven-and-a-half years (September 24), and the subsequent fall of the Dow Jones average to its lowest level in fourteen months. With oil now at the $40-a-barrel level, and with the World Bank predicting (conservatively) that it could rise to $65 if fighting breaks out in the Persian Gulf, he's right—the story is oil.

The Gulf crisis was a crisis waiting to happen. It was there long before Saddam Hussein's invasion of Kuwait, and should he be forced from the scene, it will remain to be exploited again. It is a crisis of our own making, anchored in our bottomless dependency. But for all that, the oil crisis represents not a final but a penultimate crisis.

Since the oil shocks of the 1970s and '80s, the world has given some heed to the advice of the International Energy Agency that "Investment in energy conservation at the margin provides better return than investment in energy supply," and has made significant strides in economizing, if not conserving. Japan has doubled its gross national product without increasing its energy consumption, and in the U.S., automobile efficiency improved from an average 14 miles per gallon to 27 m.p.g., saving 420,000 barrels of oil a day. Not only has oil been used more efficiently, but worldwide reserves have been found to be larger than anticipated: rising from 700 billion barrels five years ago to over 1 trillion today.

But these improvements have had a lulling effect. Tax credits for energy conservation initiated under President Carter were killed by President Reagan. Under the Bush administration, automobile fuel efficiency has been allowed to actually decline while demand has risen. Whereas the U.S. imported 28 percent of its oil in 1982, we now import nearly 50 percent, almost 8 million barrels a day. At the same time, oil has become increasingly more concentrated in fewer hands. While the USSR and the U.S. remain the world's largest producers, production is falling in both countries and will continue to do so. The Middle East, while producing 22 percent of the world's supply, now boasts at least 57 percent of known reserves. And because our reliance on imported oil is so extreme, we have been willing to pay dearly for it, without always admitting the fact. In 1987, the U.S. government spent $47 billion to insure the "free" flow of Persian Gulf oil—$26 per barrel shipped through the Strait of Hormuz. The total costs were not reflected at the gas pump (until the recent budget accord, the U.S. had refused to raise federal gas taxes and had the lowest such taxes of any major industrial nation), but those hidden costs helped fuel the federal deficit, further weakening the U.S. economy.

But the real hidden cost of oil dependency is not written in balance-of-payments sheets or the government's financial ledgers. Increasingly, its toll is being listed

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elsewhere: in the atmosphere that insures life on this planet. In the last thirty years, carbon dioxide (the chief ingredient contributing to the greenhouse effect) increased more than it had in the previous two centuries. It has now reached its highest level in 160,000 years and will increase by another 25 percent in the next fifteen years. According to projections by the Worldwatch Institute, global temperatures may rise more than 10 times as rapidly as they have in the past century ("Slowing Global Warming: A Worldwide Strategy," *Worldwatch Paper 91*). Such a heating up would not only raise the specter of famine, but could destroy whole ecosystems and profoundly alter the world's geography through rising sea levels. Heading off such a catastrophe requires the phasing out of our reliance on fossil fuels, fuels which today provide 78 percent of the world's energy. That will take leadership.

The Gulf crisis is the result of the lack of such leadership. In his address to Congress on the Gulf, President Bush was right when, referring to the nation's dependency on imported oil, he said: "We've moved in the wrong direction." Later in the same week, however, Bush threatened to veto the Bryan bill which would have mandated greater energy efficiency for U.S. cars (40 m.p.g. by 2005), and the bill died in the Senate two weeks later. In his speech, the president failed to call for the development of nonpolluting, renewable energy resources; failed to call for assistance to mass transit, or to wind, wave, and solar energy projects. Nor did he attack this nation's apathy and short-term thinking. He exemplified it by calling for greater off-shore drilling.

If there is some value to what Saddam Hussein has wrought, it is to be found not in simply analyzing the antecedents to the present crisis, nor even in restraining him from impeding the flow of oil. That would be to misread an essential aspect of this crisis, and to fail to understand the full extent of the challenge.

OPEN-FIELD RUNNER

David H. Souter is either the slickest Trojan Horse since Chief Justice Earl Warren (a staunch Republican) or a man of daunting intellectual dexterity. Certainly no ordinary New Hampshire recluse could get the National Abortion Rights Action League's Kate Michelman to join the Conservative Caucus's bombastic Howard Phillips in tremulous denunciation. Thanks to such single-minded opponents, Souter appeared to be the very incarnation of "mainstream."

By most estimates, Judge Souter danced through his Supreme Court confirmation hearings with the grace and elusiveness of Gale Sayers shedding tacklers. Solemnly taunted by abortion-rights groups as an enemy of privacy, reproductive rights, and civil liberties, Souter left his critics groping for solid ground as he claimed the high road on civil liberty questions and turned demure as a Miss America contestant when questioned directly about *Roe* v. *Wade*. Souter claimed an open mind on the status of abortion under the Constitution, an improbable coyness that left the editorial page of the *New York Times* demanding he be called back "for some better answers." When it eventually acceded to the inevitable, the *Times* mournfully endorsed Souter as "a plausible addition to the Court."

Souter's deft feints left (mostly) and right shattered the remnants of the liberal-moderate coalition that rejected the nomination of Robert Bork in 1987. Most civil-rights groups found little objectionable in Souter's praise of the Court's rulings protecting individual rights, redressing racial discrimination, and even implementing integration. That left abortion-rights absolutists such as NARAL and NOW without substantial allies and provided the Judiciary Committee's Democratic senators with an opportunity to act statesmanlike in confirming 13-1 Souter's nomination. In the end, only Senator Edward Kennedy could not bring himself to vote his hopes, not his fears.

On the other side of the aisle, Souter's unexpected defense of the high Court's responsibility to uphold rights where a political "vacuum" exists—as in the 1954 *Brown* v. *Board of Education* desegregation decision—left conservative senators sputtering about the evils of "judicial activism." But with an unerring instinct for the common ground, Souter described such activist judicial solutions as "pragmatic." Confident of Republican votes, he went on to put the ghost of Bork to rest by unapologetically defending the notion of "unenumerated" constitutional rights such as privacy. Souter even offered gracious praise for his predecessor, Justice William J. Brennan, Jr., the man right-wingers hold responsible for legislating the collapse of public morals from the bench.

Conservative columnists called the hearings "a week of kowtowing" and bemoaned Souter's unwillingness to challenge the prevailing intellectual zeitgeist. Clearly, no one seemed particularly happy with Judge Souter, although all were obviously impressed, and this seemed the perfect recipe for his confirmation. Souter's eloquence and sheer intellectual prowess are surely some comfort to those opposed to his putative legal conservatism. He portrayed himself as neither an ideologue nor a man of limited empathetic reach. As many have remarked, Souter managed to impress without condescending, which was Judge Bork's seemingly uncontrollable impulse. In doing so, he helped prove once again that George Bush is smarter than his syntax would lead us to believe. How the Court will look once David Souter is seated is largely a matter of conjecture. But nothing in the new justice's amiable testimony precludes his solidifying the Court's conservative majority.

SECOND THE MOTION

Why has Charles Curran been teaching in the religion departments of secular institutions since his departure from The Catholic

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University of America? Our friends at *America* magazine (September 15, 1990) have published a thoughtful account tracing the course of Curran's unjust treatment—first by Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger and the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, then by Cardinal James Hickey and the president and board of trustees at Catholic University, and now, it would appear, by the presidents and academic officials of the major American Catholic colleges and universities. Richard A. McCormick, S.J., and Richard P. McBrien, two distinguished priest-theologians, argue that Curran's teaching appointments at secular institutions "reflect the fact that he is not welcome at Catholic institutions of higher learning. Indeed, in every case where efforts have been made at departmental levels to settle Father Curran in a Catholic institution, he has been positively excluded by upper administration. We regard this exclusion as a continuing complicity in the original injustice done to Father Curran and as harmful, not only to him, but also to Catholic higher education in this country and to the church."

Since McBrien is chairman of Notre Dame's theology department and McCormick was at Georgetown before moving to Notre Dame, they undoubtedly know whereof they speak. Anticipatory censorship and institutional cowardice posing as ecclesiastical necessity have a long and rich history in the Catholic church—a history we had thought was over. Curran's exclusion from teaching Catholic theology in any Catholic institution is, in the words of McCormick and McBrien, "unintelligible and inexcusable." We agree. And if, as a recent report suggests, official Catholic influence helped persuade the administration of Auburn University, a tax-supported school in Montogomery, Alabama, to deny Curran the tenure he had been led to expect—this despite strong faculty support for him—the plot curdles yet more, and the odor gets worse.

Coincidentally, the presidents of several Catholic universities have strongly praised the new papal letter on Catholic education—precisely for its recognition of academic freedom and autonomy for institutions of higher education. They now have a perfect opportunity to put these principles into practice. It's like a final exam.

REPORT FROM CHILE

EXHUMING THE PAST
FROM COLUMBUS TO PINOCHET

With all their divisions, Christians in Latin America nonetheless appear united in one perception: 1992—the five hundredth anniversary of Columbus's discovery—will be a landmark for the continent. So much so that a great deal of thought and not a little maneuvering are already taking place to determine its significance. One recent international conference, held in Santiago, Chile, in July and sponsored by the *Academia de humanismo Cristiano*, a highly respected think tank with ties to the archdiocese, brought together scholars and church activists from twenty countries, including France, West Germany, Belgium, the United States, and most of Latin America.

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If Columbus and his successors raise issues concerning the uses of memory for Latin Americans, then Chile was a particularly appropriate setting for such reflections. For Chile is in the process of determining to what extent it is necessary and healthful for an entire country to literally dig out its memories. Even as the July conference was in session, Chileans were uncovering bodies from the muddy flats of the Rio Mapocho, which neatly bisects Santiago. The remains themselves were something of an issue; there were reports that some poor neighborhoods near the river were posting sentries to prevent the removal of bones, clothing, or anything else that might cast light on the recent past, particularly 1973-1976, the most savage years of the Pinochet dictatorship. They were determined that these remnants would be preserved.

Even though the Santiago conference included many researchers and scholars, it differed from the usual academic gathering. To begin with, it had a decided public character, with thousands of posters plastered on the walls of the remarkably clean Metro. Radio, television, and the newspapers paid it respectful attention, and a number of events were designed to include the general public. Finally, while the participants held scholarly credentials, they also were clearly concerned with the political implications of their analyses. Jose Aldunate, a Jesuit who has become the personal symbol of the Sebastian Acevedo movement—the semiclandestine group that courageously held nonviolent actions during the last years of the Pinochet regime to protest torture and other human rights abuses—was a conspicuous presence. On the first full day of the conference, he and the Sebastian Acevedo movement led a nonviolent demonstration in downtown Santiago. For the first time since the Christian Democratic government took over in March, demonstrators were pummeled by the police. While the climate of fear has subsided in Chile, social divisions and abuses persist.

The Santiago conference was part of another, wider process, one among many attempts to influence the next CELAM (Conference of Latin American Bishops) meeting scheduled for Santo Domingo in 1992. The theoretical scaffolding for that meeting is already in place, the "final" draft of a working document entitled "A New Evangelization in a New Culture," published in Bogota, Colombia, this past February. The theme reflects the intense interest of the Vatican, and is not to the liking of many progressive members of the Latin American church. Each word in the document's title is significant. The focus for the conference as it is now set will be the "evangelization of culture." This evangelization is seen as "new," a clear reference to events of the sixteenth century. The contrast with previous CELAM

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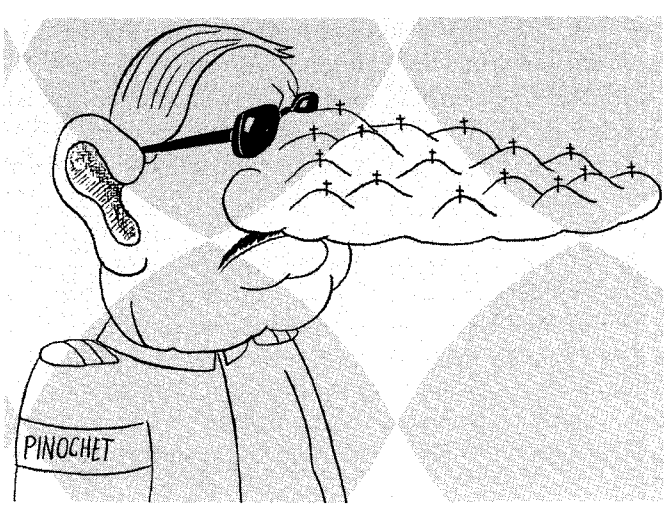
meetings in Medellin (1968) and Puebla (1979), however, is sharp. At Medellin, the theme of Christian commitment to the poor was first developed in some detail, an emphasis repeated at Puebla. At both, participants faced the question: "What is the principal challenge for the evangelization of Latin America?" Their response (not without a struggle, it is true) was the poverty in which the majority of the continent was and is mired. The "new evangelization" of the working document for the Santo Domingo conference, on the other hand, suggests both a celebration and retrieval of the original evangelization of indigenous peoples, blacks, and the poor, without sufficiently assessing the torture and bloodshed—not to mention political and economic interests—that accompanied that religious history. Furthermore, to speak of a new culture suggests a monolithic understanding of Latin America, one that does not adequately welcome the multiplicity of peoples, languages, cultures, and religious beliefs found in Latin America and the Caribbean. Historically, "forgetting" such pluralism has been an important factor in the oppression of many groups—Protestants (especially Evangelicals), women, the poor, blacks, workers—but especially the continent's indigenous peoples. To retrieve their memories would be the necessary first step to begin understanding them today. Such an undertaking will not be easy. Even though an entire commission (one out of five) at the Santiago conference was devoted to indigenous peoples and popular religion, these peoples' representatives were conspicuously omitted from the conference's opening ceremonies. While the formal inauguration unfolded under powerful television lights at the National Library, three Mapuches (Chile's largest indigenous group, which still makes up a sizable portion of the population in the south) were made to sit quietly off to the side. But their traditional ponchos and headbands, splashes of color in a sea of gray and blue business suits, could not be missed. And as the conference proceeded, the presence of indigenous peoples began to stand out with greater clarity. One of the most affecting moments occurred when Guaraní, Aymara, and Mapuches exulted in their similarities and differences as they and nonindigenous scholars discussed beliefs about God, nature, land, life, and death.

To my mind, Gerhard Kruip, a young German philosopher, was especially helpful in understanding why this particular conference proved so powerful. He discussed the memory of the victims of past struggles, which he called both "a condition for and a consequence of a liberating praxis in the present." As a German, he is well aware of how important memory of the Nazi past is, not only for Jews and others who suffered so severely, but for Germans themselves. A parallel situation exists for Latin Americans. The memories of hundreds of years of deprivation must be recovered by the indigenous peoples in order for democracy and reform to have a chance in Latin America. As Gustavo Gutierrez has pointed out, in Latin America the question is not "How does one do theology after Auschwitz?" since every day one sees new violations of human rights. For Gutierrez, reflections on yesterday are pointless without actions against poverty today. Kruip would extend this observation to include its inverse, that all current political agendas must be rooted in the comprehension of past suffering.



Just this process seems to be happening today in Chile. The real miracle of Chile is not the export boom or the free-market economy currently drawing investments from around the world. (The country does look robust in comparison with Argentina, Brazil, and especially Peru.) The real miracle in Chile, as anyone who lived in Chile during the past seventeen years (as I and my family did in 1986) knows, is the *apertura*, the historical opening the country is experiencing. In moving quickly beyond the nightmares of its recent past, Chile is unified in a way that it seldom has been. Its attempt to build new political and social structures is based on the premise that no fruitful innovation is possible without recovering as much of the truth as possible. It is as if the country as a whole is pausing, both to take stock of what has happened and to assess what must be done to build a more stable and just society. There are dissidents from this consensus on both the left and the right, but so far they have not been able to prevent this search for memory. The national Commission for Truth and Reconciliation, for example, recently completed collecting data on human rights abuses during the past two decades, abuses which number in the thousands. The discovery of a mass grave in Pisagua in the north has forced everyone to think again of 1974 and 1975. Almost daily, new burial sites are discovered elsewhere, notably in the rural south. Relatives have been holding funerals for those who were summarily shot, and survivors of torture have been gathering at the *casas de la seguridad* (security houses) to recall what went on: the daily routines, the mannerisms of the torturers, exact dates and places, the names of others who did not survive. A significant number of Chile's Christian Democrats, including the democratically elected president, Patricio Aylwin, are sensitive to the need not to whitewash the past. Vice-president of the party, Genaro Arriagada, reiterated to me several times Santayana's warning about reliving history if we forget it. Gatherings such as the Santiago conference underscore his concern. The failure to remember has too often been the condition for historic cruelty, both at the personal and national levels. KENNETH AMAN

Kenneth Aman teaches philosophy at Montclair State College in New Jersey. He recently completed a sabbatical in Chile and with Chilean sociologist Cristian Parker is editing a book on the popular culture of Chile for Westview Press.

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REPORT FROM ONTARIO

A NEW NORTH WIND

SOCIAL DEMOCRATS TRIUMPH

The outcome of the last month's provincial elections, in Ontario, in which the New Democratic Party won 74 of 130 seats, came as a shock even to loyal NDP supporters. In the half-century of its history, the NDP—originally known as the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, or CCF—had formed governments in Saskatchewan and Manitoba, and for one term in British Columbia. But that the NDP could be anything but a loyal if sometimes creative opposition in Canada's heartland province of Ontario, was simply unthinkable.

The Conservatives' Big Blue Machine, last successfully presided over by Premier William Davis in the early eighties, ruled in Ontario for forty-three years, during which time much of the Canadian welfare state became a reality. The NDP, with a fairly steady 20 to 25 percent of the popular vote, claimed 15 or 20 of the 130 seats in the Ontario legislature. By 1985, when the Big Blue Machine finally wore out, the Liberals moved in with a minority government supported—for a legislative price—by the NDP. In 1987 Liberal Premier David Peterson called elections in the hope of obtaining a clear mandate for his government. He got it: a smashing majority of 95 seats. The NDP held 19 and became the official opposition; the Conservatives took 16 seats.

But in late July of this year, after only three years of government, Peterson again called general elections. With a hefty lead in opinion polls, he and his advisors judged that it was a good time to get another comfortable majority. Many observers felt that this was the only reason for the election call. The Liberals already had a mandate, and while there is no fixed term in the Canadian parliamentary system, tradition gives a government four years, even five if necessary. To go to the country after three years is unusual. Peterson's gamble on the polls was seen by many as a cynical and unnecessary grab for power.

If there were other reasons for calling elections, they hardly stand up to public scrutiny. Chief among these is the G.S.T., or Goods and Services Tax, a new national sales tax proposed by the federal government of Prime Minister Brian Mulroney. Ostensibly, the G.S.T. is to replace a hidden manufacturers' sales tax. In practice it cuts much wider, and will be levied on such items as fast food, haircuts, piano lessons, and postage stamps. As a version of the common European V.A.T., or Value Added Tax, it is popular with governments; but any government that accepts responsibility for it risks being turned out by an angry populace. Some of the fiscal benefits of this tax would be passed on to provincial governments. The Ontario Liberals, it is argued, wanted a new mandate before they had to deal with the G.S.T.

The elections were called for September 6. Teams of enumerators invaded neighborhoods—in Canada governments hire people to seek out eligible voters and register them—and signs began to appear on lawns. Having received advance warning, in most places the Liberals got their signs out a week before the others. It had the look, everyone said, of a dull, boring campaign, drifting for five weeks in the late summer doldrums.

But this was not to hold. By late August the Peterson campaign was in serious trouble. Canvassers found voters spitting mad at the Liberals. When opinion polls put the NDP ahead of the Liberals with only a week left in the campaign, Peterson panicked and began to invoke the Red Scare: The "socialists" would drive business out of the province, jobs would be lost, and children would go hungry. It had worked before. This time it only served as a barometer to measure the despair of the Liberal leadership.

Bob Rae, the NDP leader, suddenly found himself leading in a campaign that had become a real race. Rae, a Rhodes Scholar whose father was a career diplomat, hardly fits the image of the flaming radical. He remained cool in the face of the Liberal scare campaign, and avoided any extravagant claims. In part this may have been simply good tactics. But it may also have been the instinctive response of a party that had always been in opposition. Forming a government, even a minority government, did not *feel* like anything in the realm of the possible.

When the voting ended at 8:00 P.M. on September 6, many NDP supporters gathered around their televisions expecting the return of a Liberal minority government. A Liberal spokeswoman on the CBC, federal M.P. Sheila Copps, confidently predicted the return of a Liberal majority as late as 8:30. By 9:30 network computers began to report an NDP majority. Premier Peterson himself lost his seat to Marion Boyd, the director of a home for battered women. When the dust had settled, the NDP held a solid, workable majority government.

The make-up of this government will be different. There are blue-collar workers among those elected, and twenty of the seventy-four are women. There are fewer lawyers among them.

The agenda will be different: the NDP has promised to raise the minimum wage, to beef up employment equity legislation, to look at a comprehensive government auto insurance program, to reintroduce inheritance taxes on estates over $1 million and to shift some of the tax burden to corporations (they are committed to a reversal of the recent trend, of shifting the tax burden from the wealthy to the poor and middle classes), and to tightening up and enforcing environmental legislation already on the books. None of this, of course, is expected to materialize overnight.

The New Democrats, who call themselves democratic socialists and are part of the international socialist movement, have a long history in Canada. In Nepean, Ontario, in the heart of the Ottawa region, there is a high school named for J.S. Woodsworth, one of the founders of the CCF. While they were called socialists in the campaign to frighten the electorate, there is nothing in their programs or tradition that is further left than the Canadian Catholic bishops' 1983 statement on the economy. That statement, while anathema to many business interests, was quietly supported by all of the mainline churches in Canada. In addition, there is the stabilizing presence of the bureaucracy. Rae is already on record to the effect that there will be no "white massacre" in

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the public service. And yet the NDP's success in Ontario came as a shock. Men and women who have worked in NDP ranks for decades looked at one another in astonished disbelief as the results came in. "Ontario NDP? This is incredible!" How could it happen?

A sort of consensus has formed to the effect that this was a protest vote, not only against the cynicism of an election call dictated by polls, but against a whole political establishment. The federal Conservatives, and the style of Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, have been blamed by many. But if this was a protest vote, it was a protest with a difference. At 66 percent, voter turnout was relatively high. The New Democrats did not win by default. There was conscious choice. As columnist Michael Valpy of the Toronto *Globe and Mail* noted (September 7), the turnout and the vote showed an absence of political cynicism. Voters, he wrote, "still believe politicians and governments can make a difference in the quality of their lives." Valpy also believes that the vote witnesses to a repudiation of the politics of the eighties, of governments such as those of Brian Mulroney, Ronald Reagan, and George Bush.

The people of Ontario have had their day. Whether the New Democrats can fulfill the promise is another question. They have four years to see whether another kind of politics is possible.

JORDAN BISHOP

Jordan Bishop, a frequent contributor to Commonweal, *is a free-lance writer living in Ottawa.*

OF SEVERAL MINDS David R. Carlin, Jr.

GAY RIGHTS LAWS

THE NECESSARY CAVEAT

A few years ago in this space (November 29, 1985) I wrote a piece in which I agreed with those who opposed gay rights legislation. I argued that the real aim behind such legislation was not so much to prevent discrimination against gays and lesbians as to provide government's moral stamp of approval for homosexual conduct. It seemed to me that those who disapproved of such conduct for moral or religious reasons had a perfect right to object when their government was asked to grant its endorsement to this conduct.

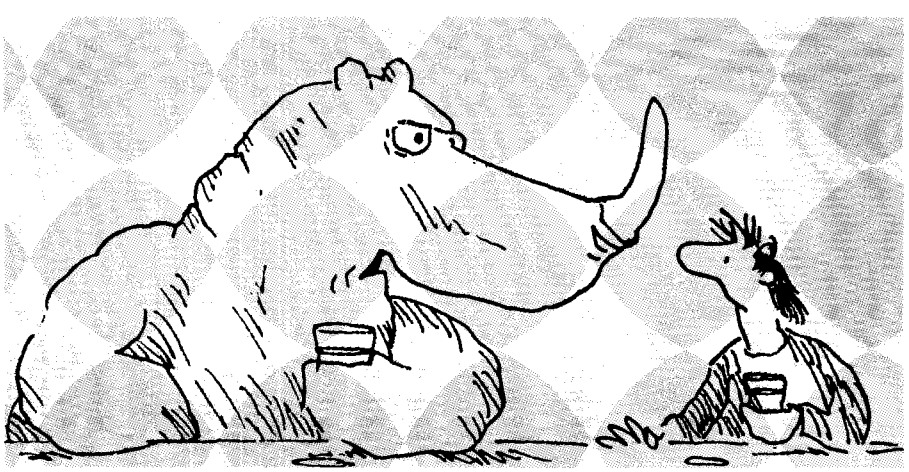
That particular column drew more letters to the editor than all the other columns I have written combined. All the letters, as I recall, were uncomplimentary, though they disagreed among themselves as to whether my opinions were chiefly un-American, un-Christian, or psychopathic. A friend, who had the good grace not to write a letter to the editor, wondered why I would want to make a fool of myself in a national publication.

Well, that didn't bother me very much, since in my other life, as I have mentioned here from time to time, I am a politician, a state senator in Rhode Island; and in that role I have to take much more abuse than a few unflattering letters to the editor. I have developed a thick skin—and perhaps a thick skull as well. At all events the barrage of criticism I received the last time I wrote on this subject did little to change my mind, since it did little to persuade me that the premises I had argued from were mistaken.

Despite these views, in that other life of mine I voted a few months ago *in favor* of a gay rights bill that passed the Rhode Island Senate by a two-vote margin, though a weakened version of the bill later died in the House on a tie vote.

A foolish consistency, as Emerson said, is the hobgoblin of little minds. Whether that motto applies in my case or not, there was a certain consistency in my voting the way I did. Defending my vote *against* a gay rights bill a few years ago, I explained to one of the lobbyists supporting it that I would withdraw my opposition if, for example, a clause was attached to the legislation disavowing any intention to grant the state's moral seal of approval to homosexual conduct. The bill that came before the Senate this year did have such a disclaimer. So how could I not vote for it?

A month or so after this year's failure of the gay rights bill in the House, a small number of demonstrators set up a picket line in front of a Newport restaurant managed by a friend of mine, a House member who had voted against the bill. It was early Sunday afternoon; my children and I saw the event just after coming out of church. The demonstrators were carrying a number of signs, some of them pink triangles, some with references to homophobia; they were chanting, "We're here, we're queer," etc. The picketers got a lot of coverage in the newspapers and on TV; the House member



"Yeah, I'm a rhinoceros, so what? Why do people always have to categorise each other?"

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got a lot of sympathy from his constituents.

The demonstrators were probably not connected with the group that organized the lobbying effort in favor of the gay rights bill—a remarkably polite and persistent group which arranged one of the most effective letter-writing campaigns I have witnessed in my years in politics. Unlike the picketers, the lobbying group hurled no charges of homophobia at those who disagreed with them, though they did flash an occasional pink triangle.

When people disagree with us on important questions, either we have to admit that we are wrong and the other person is right, or we have to explain, if only to ourselves, how the others could fail to see what is plain to us. Usually we account for the other person's blindness in terms of some intellectual deficiency ("He's too dumb to understand") or character failing ("He's too pig-headed to admit I'm right"); but sometimes we may find ourselves resorting to more extreme explanations, accounting for the other person's failure to see things our way as the result of some psychopathic condition. I say "extreme" because this explanation signifies despair of any rational solution of the disagreement. Disagreements arising from intellectual shortcomings can be eliminated through further inquiry and discussion; so can disagreements arising from defects of character; though in both cases, especially the latter, the rational road to agreement may be long and arduous. But disagreements arising from psychopathologies do not yield to discussion and inquiry.

To accuse someone of being homophobic is to charge that person with suffering from a psychopathology ("He disagrees with me because he's sick"). In this sense it is more extreme than charging a person with being sexist or racist or anti-Semitic, all three of which are thought to be moral failings rather than clinical conditions. If I say that you are homophobic, I am placing you beyond the pale of rationality. Your condition may call for therapy or even force, but it would be useless for me to engage in further rational discussion with you.

Now I realize that many who toss the term "homophobic" about are using it as insult rather than as diagnosis. They are no more doing psychology than the folks who hurled the word "pig" at police officers two decades ago were doing zoology. But in both cases the point of the insult is to label the target as nonrational.

My guess is that proponents of gay rights laws will have increasing success as time passes, especially if they can make it clear, as such proponents in my state have begun to do, that they are not asking government to endorse homosexual conduct; they are only asking for prohibition of a mode of discrimination that makes no sense in a modern, liberal society.

But one of the fundamental premises of a liberal society is that people ought to discuss their differences rationally; society as a whole ought to be a vast and unending conversation among countless interlocutors who are living, dead, and yet to be born. If I write off those who disagree with me as beyond the reach of rational appeal, then, make no mistake about it, I am the enemy of a liberal society. (Communists, that dying breed, used to be like that, insisting that anti-Communists were blind in an irremediable way; they said that the shortest way to debate with such people was to shoot them.)

Those who shout "homophobia" may see themselves as champions of liberal society. In truth, they are its enemies.

OF SEVERAL MINDS Abigail McCarthy

TOUGHEST ASSIGNMENT

RESCUING THE CLASSROOM

I admit to reacting with a cynical smile when I saw those thirty-second Bill Cosby spots on TV last spring. You may remember them. They touted teaching as a career and urged graduates to choose teaching because of the way a teacher could change a life, have a permanent effect on a young person's future. Cosby himself had left a teaching career for something far more lucrative, I thought. And what young people would choose to teach in the chaos of today's elementary and secondary education?

A goodly number, I have found out since. Once my interest was aroused, examples seemed to pop up all over the place. One of the most interesting was that of the young woman at Princeton University who conceived the idea of a teacher corps for inner-city schools akin to the Peace Corps, and within a year had enough support and enough volunteers to make it a reality. Then there were the volunteers from far-away states willing to give a year or two of their lives to augment the teaching staffs of Mississippi schools struggling to help disadvantaged students.

There was the young man intending to teach for a year to earn money for graduate school who fell in love with his Hispanic students and wanted to stay because of their need for him. And two young people of my own acquaintance who spent their summer as counselors in a camp for homeless children trying to give them the social skills necessary if school was to help them at all. A friend wrote of a young teacher, "I am glad that a person of her caliber chose teaching. Fifty years from now there will be people who remember her influence in their lives and call her blessed."

That was proved true in my own life. A year ago I heard from a woman who—more years ago than I would like to say—was my student in high school. She had just graduated from college and was going on to graduate school—this after raising a family of *eleven* children. She had always remembered, she said, my urging her to go to college and my efforts to find scholarships for her. But, like the traditional farm girl she was, she had chosen an early marriage instead. When she needed a life of her own, so many years later, she fell back on my faith in her abilities.

Teaching *does* have great rewards and it is good that young people are turning to it once again. Yet I am acutely aware that the educational world young teachers enter is a far cry from mine. In my day teachers were poorly paid but their status in the community and the visible results

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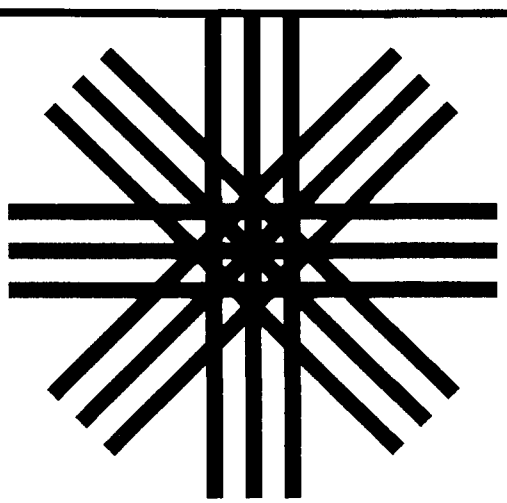
of their work outweighed, at least in part, their financial sacrifice. Their efforts were supported and abetted by the resources of family and community. The layered bureaucracy of administrators, education departments, and teacher organizations that hamper teaching today was just beginning to grow, and there were no violence-ridden school systems. Today, although there are efforts at reform, that bureaucracy with its absurd qualifying requirements and mounds of unnecessary paperwork not only makes entry into the profession difficult for bright, idealistic young people, but stifles their creativity once they are part of the system.

There are, however, places where bureaucracy has been overcome and fruitful experiment has been possible. This was demonstrated forcefully in two recent television documentaries—which not only highlighted the problems but suggested solutions. One was the CBS special, "Toughest Assignment," which Charles Kuralt introduced by saying, in part, "Our schools are not providing this country with the educated work force we need to compete. Most of them are not meeting the special needs of our poor and disadvantaged children....And too many students leave school without ever knowing that learning, for its own sake, can be a joyous experience." The solutions were illustrated by the examples of schools where new ideas have been tried and have worked—in Virginia, Kentucky, New Hampshire, Ohio, etc. The other documentary was the PBS special, "Schools That Work," anchored by Roger Mudd, which showed children enjoying learning in schools with innovative approaches to curriculum and structure in Kansas, Maryland, Massachusetts, and Texas.

A recent news article tells of an experiment here in Washington, D.C., in an elementary school where teacher Johnny (sic) Brinson was allowed to move on to the third grade with the youngsters he had taught in first and second grade. The purpose of the experiment (Brinson's idea) is to provide continuity and an enduring role model for children whose lives outside school are filled with uncertainty—who come to the comparative haven of school through devastated and dangerous "war zones" from homes of no fixed address.

Caring teachers like Brinson and the highly motivated young people of the teacher corps cannot rescue these children one by one. A Washington businessman, who has spent $250,000 of his own money to provide at-risk children with a study environment, told an interviewer (*Washington Post*, September 17, 1990), "One person cannot do enough....We have to learn to look at schools as holistic development centers for our youth and our future." His plan is to form clusters of neighborhood schools and make them "webs of love and learning" where children are kept occupied from eight in the morning until after study hour at night with the help of cooperating parents and teachers. He thinks he can get funding from corporations for a pilot project. And, now that the business community and the Labor Department have been alerted to the incompetent and half-literate work force coming from our schools, perhaps he can. If the rest of us think the schools can be rescued, and will to rescue them, the new teachers will have a chance.



THE GRAYMOOR PRIZE

The Friars of the Atonement announce the establishment of the Graymoor Prize to be awarded the best essay on any aspect of ecumenical or interreligious affairs. The prize is intended to encourage and support new ecumenical and interreligious ideas and perspectives. The award-winning submission, which may take the form of a scholarly or critical essay or a personal narrative, should appeal to the interests of the general educated reader.

Original and unpublished essays of approximately 2500–4000 words should be submitted to the editors of COMMONWEAL who will make the final decision following consultation with a panel of experts. The winning essay will receive a prize of $1,000 and will be published in COMMONWEAL. The editors reserve the right not to award the prize.

Deadline: October 15, 1990. Announcement of Prize: January 1, 1991. The prize-winning essay will be published in COMMONWEAL's Contemporary Theology Issue, January 25, 1991. This essay will become the property of the Graymoor Ecumenical Institute. All other essays will be returned to their authors.

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DISABLED FOR THE KINGDOM

CELIBACY, SCRIPTURE & TRADITION

PAUL E. DINTER

Two decades ago, explicit challenges to the requirement of clerical celibacy were more common than now. Ironically, the dampened debate has coincided with the ordination of married men from the ranks of former Protestant clergy. Despite these exceptions, the hierarchy has been so immovable that priests themselves have generally accepted their lot. Even though some recent notorious lapses have pointed up that private compromises with celibacy may be on the rise, any reevaluation must await the next millennium, or at least the next papacy. Two decades ago, when I undertook the commitment to celibacy, I presumed I knew what it entailed and I sincerely aimed to do it right—to be intimate yet chaste, available but not overinvolved, vulnerable without wearing my heart on my clerical shirt-sleeve.

But just as truth is stranger than fiction, so life is more complex even than theology and church law. To the present I continue to maintain the commitment I made, but with a different, a chastened attitude. Seeking to take Thomas Beckett's advice in T.S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* and "do the right thing for the right reason," I continue to affirm my celibacy, but not because it is good in itself. Though I undertook celibacy as a "price to pay" for the opportunity to serve Christ's people, I have come to see that, in 1970, I was buying something different than I thought. Today I value it, if at all, only in spite of itself. In other words, the good that I do as a priest is not a *direct* result of celibacy, but *despite* my celibate condition. Recognizing this unexpected reversal of values in my own life has led me to a very different evaluation of mandatory priestly celibacy. It prompts me to seek to reopen the closed debate because, though it can be a powerful witness to the paradox of grace, celibacy's continued requirement for priests is today injuring the Body of Christ.

My contention flies in the face of the recent habit of promoting celibacy in terms of the generosity and psychosexual maturity it requires. No doubt this is a welcome advance over an earlier deprecation of sexuality that equated its suppression with "perfect chastity." But, before celibacy can be linked to personal generosity or psychosexual maturity, we should look at it as Jesus himself presented it: celibacy is a disability. The celibate practices ministry analogously to the way a disabled person goes through life: in spite of a unique burden but with the opportunity afforded by his or her handicap. I think an honest reading of the only text in the Gospels in which Jesus speaks of celibacy will bear out this analogy and its paradoxical truth.

Matthew 19:9-12 is the text that concerns us:

> "I say to you: whoever divorces his wife (except for immorality) and marries another commits adultery." [His] disciples said to him, "If this is the case of a man with his wife, it is better not to marry." But he said to them, "Not everyone receives [this] word, but only those to whom it is given. For there are eunuchs who have been so from birth, and there are eunuchs who have been made so by men, and there are eunuchs who have made themselves so for the sake of the kingdom of heaven. Let the one who can receive this, receive it."

In verse 11, Jesus responds to his disciples' hasty conclusion that it would be better not to marry by assuring them that not everyone "receives" this teaching, only "those to whom it is given," that is, by God. To this assurance that God calls some to celibacy *after a divorce* (the original context of the discussion), Jesus adds one of his most paradoxical teachings regarding eunuchs "who have made themselves eunuchs for the sake of the kingdom of God," adding again the note of optional reception, "Let the one who can receive this, receive it."

No one in the original audience could have misunderstood the plain sense of the first two examples, sexual defect at birth or castration. The one is a tragedy of nature; the other a punishment worthy only of one's worst enemies, such as Paul would rhetorically inflict on his opponents in Galatians 5:12 ("Would that those who disturb you castrate themselves!"). But, when Jesus refers what is a flaw in nature or a dread punishment to the condition of those who choose not to remarry after divorce, he proposes a jarring parable. In the context of chapters 18-20 in Matthew's Gospel, this parable about celibacy accords with the reversal of the common order of things implied in the greatness

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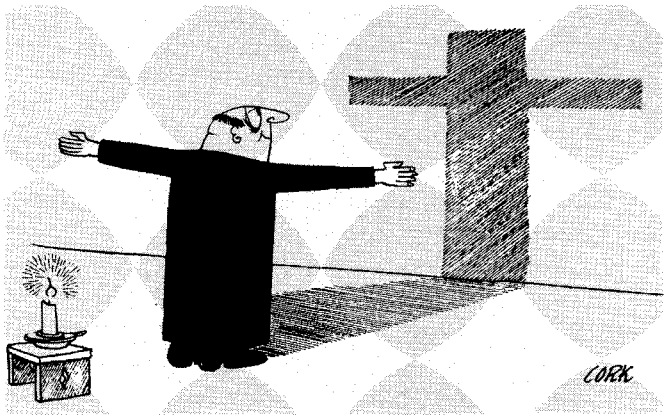

of the "little ones" (18:1-14) and in the demand to forgive "seventy times seven times" (15-22), coupled with the warning that God will withhold forgiveness from those who will not forgive (23-35). These "kingdom" demands (in which Jesus' comparison of postdivorce celibacy and "castration" appears) all involve *unlikely outcomes*. Jesus stresses these outcomes when he embraces the children (19:13-15), when he invites the rich man to sell all his possessions and become a disciple (16-22), when he shocks his disciples again by declaring wealth a hindrance for entrance into the kingdom (23-30), and his economically revolutionary parable of the generous vine grower and the jealous workers (20:1-16).

Matthew's Gospel, then, included Jesus' teaching against remarriage within a context of the eschatological demands of discipleship. In somewhat the same fashion Paul, in 1 Corinthians 7, fashioned an ethic of the end-time for both married and single people. But the urgency seems greater for Paul because he thought that all options were conditioned by the imminent passing away of the world as he knew it (7:31). But, as the Matthean and Pauline texts began to be mutually interpreted, Paul's greater urgency and his straightforward preference for celibacy—"I wish you were all as I myself am" (7:7)—have tended to dominate the paradoxical perspective in Matthew. Consequently, Jesus' recognition that only some "to whom it is given" will accept the teaching has undergone a complete change of context. In the original, Jesus seems resigned to allow some to elect celibacy: "let the one who can receive this, receive it." But church tradition has transformed this attitude completely. Vatican II actually construes this text as "open praise" which the Lord gave to those who imitate him by undertaking sacred celibacy (*Presbyterorum Ordinis*, 16). Clearly, a shift of emphasis has occurred which has lost all sense of the paradoxical teaching that Jesus gave.

This shift of emphasis involves a change from Paul's scheme that the end-time is dawning, but continues to overlap with this age not yet ended (cf. 1 Cor. 10:11). When this scheme was read in a neo-Platonic vein, the "ages" were understood, not as temporally successive, but as atemporally inferior and superior "worlds" which coexist in time. The "spiritual" realm hovered permanently over the "psychic" heavens, which themselves were higher than the realm of "nature" or matter. For Paul, "in the spirit" meant responding beyond the normal limits of the natural and historical ("the flesh") because of the Resurrection and the imminence of the eschaton. In short order, Paul thought, matter would be universally spiritualized (1 Cor. 15:44).

But, by the time of Origen (d. 254), the spiritual realm was no longer construed as historically imminent. It co-existed as a permanent possibility in the here and now. Life on earth resulted from the tragic mixture of spiritual soul and material body; salvation meant the soul's escape from the flesh. Celibacy or virginity was an "eschatological" witness but it was inferior to martyrdom. As an adolescent, Origen carried out Matt. 19:12 literally by castrating himself, but he later claimed that a rich, married man's martyrdom would have greater witness value than the martyrdom of a celibate like himself (*Exhortation to Martyrdom*, XV). Both celibacy and martyrdom represented a radical rejection of this world and the choice to live in a better world.

One hundred plus years later, after Christianity had entered the mainstream of Roman society, Augustine chose celibacy for still different reasons: not because of the imminence of the eschaton nor because it anticipated spiritual existence in the here and now. Rather, unlike the early monks who were almost all Origenists, this urban philosopher-bishop did not seek "white martyrdom" in the desert. For him, celibacy meant cutting himself off from sexual desire and worldly affairs, themselves the result of Adam's freely committed sin from which humanity still suffered, chiefly via concupiscence (*Confessions*, VIII, 6-10). But it took another eight hundred years for celibacy to be mandated for the secular clergy. This occurred when monastic spirituality and an increasingly juridical ecclesiology converged on this equation of sexual and worldly desire with the effects of original sin. As a clearly superior state in which, as "children of the resurrection," clergy and religious neither marry nor are given in marriage, celibacy became a sign that the end-time is realized here below, at least in the repudiation of sexual desire and generation.

While Protestant Christianity rejected this accommodated "eschatological" tradition, and Eastern Orthodoxy reserved it for monks and bishops, Catholicism has become more rigid in its equation of celibacy with the realization of Christ's new humanity. It is impossible within the scope of this article to examine all of the reasons for this rigidity. But what seems clear is that the positive and straightforward equation of celibacy with a superior spiritual state has caused us to lose the paradoxical sense in which Jesus understood celibacy as equivalent to being disabled.

To understand the force of Jesus' paradoxical identification of celibacy with disability, it is necessary—at least for a time—to suspend judgments "for" or "against" clerical celibacy. This is necessary, first, in order to appreciate that, unlike Paul, Jesus did not express an opinion, or give a teaching, expressly preferring lifetime celibacy to marriage for his followers. Had he done so, he would not have chosen Simon Peter or a number of the others we call apostles. They not only had wives, but, as Paul observes in 1 Cor. 9:5, "the other apostles and the brothers of the Lord and Cephas" took their wives with them when they traveled on mission (and seemingly drew allowances for them!). In stark contrast, Jesus called a disciple who was divorced disabled

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from contracting a second marriage "for the sake of the kingdom." Similar to the Qumran covenanters and to rabbinic law which prohibited them to priests, Jesus prohibited second marriages because he understood marriage to replicate the covenant implicit in God's creation of humanity as both male and female. When a man and woman join in marriage, God "yokes" them together as an image of his own creative fidelity with humanity. Divorce and remarriage throw doubt on God's faithfulness to creation (Matt. 19:5-6).

Jesus' teaching issues an invitation to the divorced to turn their broken marriage into an opportunity to associate more closely with God's plans for the renewal of creation in the dawning kingdom. Matthew has already told us, in the Sermon on the Mount, that the kingdom belongs to unlikely candidates: the poor in spirit and those persecuted for the sake of righteousness (5:3,10). Those who do not retaliate and who widen their love of neighbor to love of enemy (5:38-48), and those who make themselves as lowly and abused as defenseless children are the ones Jesus calls great (18:4). Jesus saw the divorced (perforce, mostly women) as similar candidates for turning around their weak position in society, not merely to accept their fate stoically. Other examples of the paradox of grace at the heart of the kingdom which Jesus announced give us an indication of the unique opportunity that came with the disability of divorce. He came to call sinners to the table of God's mercy, not the righteous who presume they have a reservation waiting for them (9:12-13). He said that, despite their previous disobedience, the tax collectors and prostitutes are leading the high priests and elders of the people into the kingdom (21:31), and he prophesies that the Lord is working wonders by giving the vineyard to (of all people!) the *goyim* that it might bear fruit (21:43).

Making oneself a eunuch for the sake of the kingdom corresponds to this divine reversal or paradox in the natural order. Being divorced and refusing to transgress against your marriage covenant, shattered though it is, responds to the same gift which allows someone to turn the other cheek, to walk the extra mile, to pray for your persecutors—in a word, to be able to act out of the same inner completeness or perfection as God does (5:48). Simple justice cannot require any of these extraordinary acts of self-abnegating *agape*; only the surpassing justice which brings the law and the prophets to their fulfillment can demand them of the disciple (5:17-20). But turning devastating injuries like divorce, physical coercion or violence, racial or group animosity, or even persecution from liabilities into virtues has to be "given" to one, as Jesus said. Not all will receive the capacity to do so, and none can arrogate the necessary energy by themselves.

As Paul himself discovered, when pushed to his limit of strength, he had to rely on something beyond himself. He had to empty himself of any pretense of strength before his weakness could become the occasion for God's grace to transform his suffering into a new understanding of where his power really came from (2 Cor. 12:8-10; 13:4). Such is the paradox of grace: it does not merely add another layer to nature. As "gift," it wrenches nature beyond its entropic self and carries it through to its end, not negating nature but expanding its capacities. Jesus saw the situation of a divorced person as analogous to the way Paul came to understand his "thorn in the flesh." Divorce constitutes a grievous injury (especially when one is victimized or abandoned). He invites the divorced disciple not to redress the loss by remarrying, but to use the loss of love and partnership as the occasion to transcend one's individual fate in favor of the kingdom's coming to birth in the community of disciples (19:29). But, Jesus could not be clearer that this level of self-transcendence is not common. Nor does he impose it on all, for as he clearly said: "not all receive this teaching, but only those to whom it is given" (19:11); "let those who have the power to receive, receive it" (19:12).

I will not discuss here whether this fresh reading of Matthew's text on postdivorce celibacy supports canon law's enshrining of the "indissolubility" of marriage. Scripture scholars, such as Bruce Vawter, pointed out the tensions long ago. Instead, I wish to draw out the force of the paradox in the celibacy/eunuch equation in Matt. 19:12 as this text has been accommodated by ecclesiastical tradition to undergird clerical celibacy. If it is legitimate to extend what Jesus said regarding one situation of possible celibacy to another, we should be able to draw some conclusions from the paradox Jesus proposes to help clerical celibates deal with their disability "for the sake of the kingdom."

Damasus Winzen, O.S.B., the founder of Mt. Saviour Monastery in the southern tier of New York State, is quoted as telling his monks that their calling conferred no special status upon them. Rather, they were monks in order to be saved; that is, they were like alcoholics in a recovery program. The monastery functioned for them not as an arena for their heroic combat, but as a "safe house" on the underground railway. In other words, their monastic calling to be a solitary (*monachus*) in a supportive community of loners was a grace given to them to transform their natural tendency to marginalization into a virtue for themselves and for the church.

This piece of monastic lore, which the life and writings of Thomas Merton would support, begins to spell out some of the implications of the alternate model of celibacy as a natural disability which I am proposing. In the spiritual and emotional world of Hellenistic body-denial and obsessive disgust with body fluids and genitalia, celibacy became a straightforward heroic ideal. Augustine linked sin, sexual generation, and human urinary and excretory functions (*inter urinas et foeces nascimur*) in a way that anticipated Freud by centuries. But, after Freud, we cannot pretend to understand the link in the same misanthropic sense which our neo-Platonic father in the faith expressed it.

If celibacy is heroic today, it is so, not because it enacts a spiritual ideal which only the weakness of the flesh and the unfortunate need to regenerate the species exempts all Christians from attaining. If it is heroic, it is because it allows men and women, in some way handicapped by their inability or lack of desire to achieve a successful and permanent emotional and sexual union with an opposite sex partner, to escape lonely isolation and pathological self-involvement. Celibacy can do this by providing such individuals with a redemptive opportunity to achieve generativity

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in the community of faith despite their natural inclination not to take a partner for life and endure the risks of both intimacy and, then, parenthood. If it is heroic, it is not because it preserves any of its practitioners from the normal range of neuroses which describe the human condition in this vale of tears; rather it predisposes them more directly to neurotic extremes which celibates must struggle mightily to escape. If it allows good to be accomplished and people to be served by providing surrogate fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers to many in need of them, it is a tribute to the opportuneness and adaptiveness of grace, not to celibacy as an idealized nonsexual basis for relationships.

But, seeking to present celibacy without the paradox of how it seeks to transform sexual weakness, incapacity, or unwillingness into spiritual ability or strength, our theology has had to assume that the spiritual strength necessary to live a celibate life came from outside of our human condition through an "infused" grace of office or state in life. But, consequently, grace does not elevate or perfect human nature; it actually was thought to cancel or snuff out its sexual exigencies. Today, obligatory clerical celibacy, while avoiding most of the professed "angelism" of the excesses of asceticism, has continued to treat complex spiritual and psychological realities too simply. In the name of vindicating a traditional ideal of asceticism and perfect continence, it has flattened the paradox and presumed upon grace. Even granting the unintentional nature of the transgression, it is not without its evil effects.

By continuing to promote celibacy as a spiritual ideal in the late twentieth century, rather than recognizing it as a paradoxical mode of how grace works despite our human brokenness, the hierarchy has set itself against a change in human consciousness which sees sexuality in a different way than our Augustinian heritage has done. It has not been hard for them to do this, along with religious fundamentalists of all stripes, because society in general seems stuck at an adolescent level of "acting out" its newfound freedom in matters sexual. Yet, the surest way to guarantee adolescents a harder time "working through" their conflicts of self-discovery is for the parents to oppose their individuation at a fundamental level. Religious authority seems to be playing that role when it denies and resists this fundamental change in human self-awareness.

Though I risk being misunderstood, I think it is possible to characterize the basis for this change by citing a fundamental psychoanalytic insight. While it varies from traditional Catholic thinking, it has implications for a more adequate moral and spiritual understanding of sexual issues today. An individual's sexual identity is affected by the joint vicissitudes of both nature and nurture. Sexual self-realization is not merely given as a natural capacity with a predetermined purpose or end already programmed into it; it has to be achieved. Hence, harmonious genital sexual union is always a victory over diffuse sexual energy and its dispersion towards deviations from the mainstream of genital heterosexuality. This modern insight is contrary to the natural law's naive supposition that human nature, in general, is naturally heterosexual and that every person will function "normally" unless "perverted" from it. Contemporary understanding has been shaped by the psychoanalytic insight that humans are originally disposed to a range of sexual deviations and that heterosexual behavior does not naturally occur. It develops as one possible result of the psychical inhibitions which occur in the course of maturation. Today, we have overwhelming evidence that divorce, marital infidelity, incest, pedophilia, and other less severe difficulties in achieving appropriate interpersonal and sexual functioning result from "vicissitudes," such as sexual or other forms of narcissistic abuse which have been sustained in early development. By contrast, natural law theories of sexuality continue to operate out of a basically mythological understanding of the natural destiny of ejaculated male semen for a female vulva. Thus, even normal adolescent deviations in sexual matters are treated as "grave matter" for sin and all adult genital fulfillment remains pegged to the confines of monogamous heterosexuality, not as a developmental goal but as a natural and predetermined end. As neat and clean as the moral norms which flow from these natural law premises are, human beings in technologically informed cultures no longer understand nature or their sexuality in those traditional terms.

This change has been absorbed willy-nilly by society at large. With the waning of sexually repressive norms, many adolescents and adults have selfishly misused their new-found freedom. Society's traditional forces (those who stress "family-values") have reacted with irate disapproval to changes in moral norms. For them, genital sexual activity must remain latent until after marriage, a norm which originally developed in premodern, male-dominated cultures and, hence today, is honored mostly in the breach. Meanwhile, few moralists have paid adequate attention to the moral and spiritual challenges of a developmental understanding of sexual self-awareness. Into the breach between the traditional sources of moral and religious wisdom and the habits of the sexually active population have marched all sorts of sexual fitness experts and the merchants of neurotic sexual "health." Predictably, sexual activity in and of itself guarantees neither health nor happiness, but things will only get worse until moral authority can face contemporary sexual understanding in other than cautionary and condemnatory terms.

This gap between society's sexual mores and official Catholic theology has affected priests in several specific areas. There has been a general loss of self-confidence in the clergy as they are called upon to promote, not values, but moral judgments which they increasingly do not share with the hierarchy. Secondly, this has been accompanied by a loss of their credibility as counselors and confessors in this complex area of people's lives. Some highly traditional, hold-the-line-at-all-costs members of the clergy and laity still look for every opportunity to reinsert their repressive understanding of the role of sexuality into their people's lives. But increasingly, not only men, but women also have ceased to look to the clergy for counsel or follow the church's official line. A third, and related, consequence is the drop off in candidates for the priesthood from the ranks of heterosexually oriented young men. As more and more of them affirm the spiritual goals of achieving union with a like-minded woman with whom they can fulfill their natural and spiritual role as husband

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and father, their ineligibility for ordination has substantially reduced the number and quality of candidates for the priesthood.

Perhaps this is a great deal to attribute to a refusal to recognize the paradoxical, rather than the heroic nature of celibacy for the sake of the kingdom. Yet, as Barbara Tuchman argued so devastatingly in *The March of Folly*, significant historical changes have resulted from similar refusals to recognize a growing disparity between conventional ways of thinking and new religious and secular exigencies. In the present context, the official church's ideology of the surpassing nature of perfect continence has led us to a series of crises which few in the hierarchy and clergy have had the candor to admit. But formerly whispered-about problems are increasingly in the headlines today and they are negatively affecting the whole Catholic body, not just the clergy.

The lack of confidence of the clergy that I alluded to above is but a symptom of a deeper problem. Many priests have come to know what they do not know. According to Bernard Lonergan, this is the beginning of wisdom! Priests today recognize that the idealization of celibacy does not correspond to the way most of them have to live and struggle. They also know that objecting to the official teaching violates the male clerical stereotype, for whom celibacy must always be at least valued, if not a joy. Only those who uphold that image get chosen for high profile jobs in a diocese, and these are the same young monsignors who scale the ecclesiastical ladder of preferment. Unlike monastic and religious orders, where professed members choose their superiors, in the secular clergy the choice of leaders occurs through an unhealthy process we can call homophiliac mirroring. Older hierarchs, themselves chosen for their ability to please their superiors, choose younger men who, in turn, fulfill their elders' needs to feel vital, successful, or validated for what they personally gave up by choosing celibacy. The growing hierarchical refusal to tolerate, not theological, but policy dissent, and the stifling of legitimate plurality only narrows the ranks of those chosen to exercise pastoral leadership. Broad peer acceptance or leadership ability wins hierarchical suspicion and, therefore, the process of selection, precluding any genuine "discernment of spirits," resembles the ruling style of the pre-*perestroika* Kremlin.

The problem is compounded, then, because a system which forces adult men to remain compliant adolescents into their senescence cannot present to the church-at-large a model of leadership to which normally adjusted males will be attracted. When compulsory celibacy is compounded by compulsive compliancy in the clergy, it ends up attracting men who are comfortable with feeling dependent, disabled, and relieved at the possibility of being sexless agents of spiritual reality. Tragically, this kind of celibate fits the psychological profile of one whose unadmitted neediness can lead to the pedophiliac abuse of either boys or girls which only now has come into the public eye. The phenomenon is not new; only its exposure is as fewer parents and children engage in the denial of the brute facts.

Celibacy with no sense of paradox to keep it honest about itself will always tend to become a self-satisfied, but dishonest, ideology. In the past, this general, but not intentional, dishonesty provided many men of unconscious homosexual orientation with a setting for a dignified and altruistic life which allowed them male company and a context in which they did not have to confront their homosexual preference or the larger society's disapproval. For many others of a misogynist or gynophobic bent, the celibate priesthood provided a platform for the superiority they craved. But with the changes in the way society deals with matters sexual, the clergy are being "outed" from their various covert stances regarding what they euphemistically once referred to as *de sexto* (Latin for the "sixth" commandment). I am not inferring that large numbers of priests are sexually active in some way. But I am seeking to account for the changed context within which clerical celibacy functions today and to detail some of the problems and possibilities it is creating for the Catholic church.

Priests, who remain celibate today when the religious and cultural context of sexuality is so different from what it was up into the 1960s, have a unique burden to bear because they know far more about the conditions which make their celibacy paradoxical and graced. Those who accept their handicap and deal with it honestly develop creative and vivacious ministries which turn the humdrum of pastoral duties into community-building tasks that can change peoples' lives. But this requires a genuine "turning around" of one's available energy precisely as a disabled person has to turn a natural loss into a gain which requires more than just coping. Talented celibates act upon this paradox, whether they attend to it or not. But this is also the reason priests today quietly refuse to involve themselves in the "feel good" promotions which try to entice male children and adolescents into a vocation to the priesthood by pandering to their immature emotional quest for an identity. In our mentally and physically health-conscious society, it is hard to promote a calling which regularly makes one "feel bad." But an honest presentation of a celibate vocation

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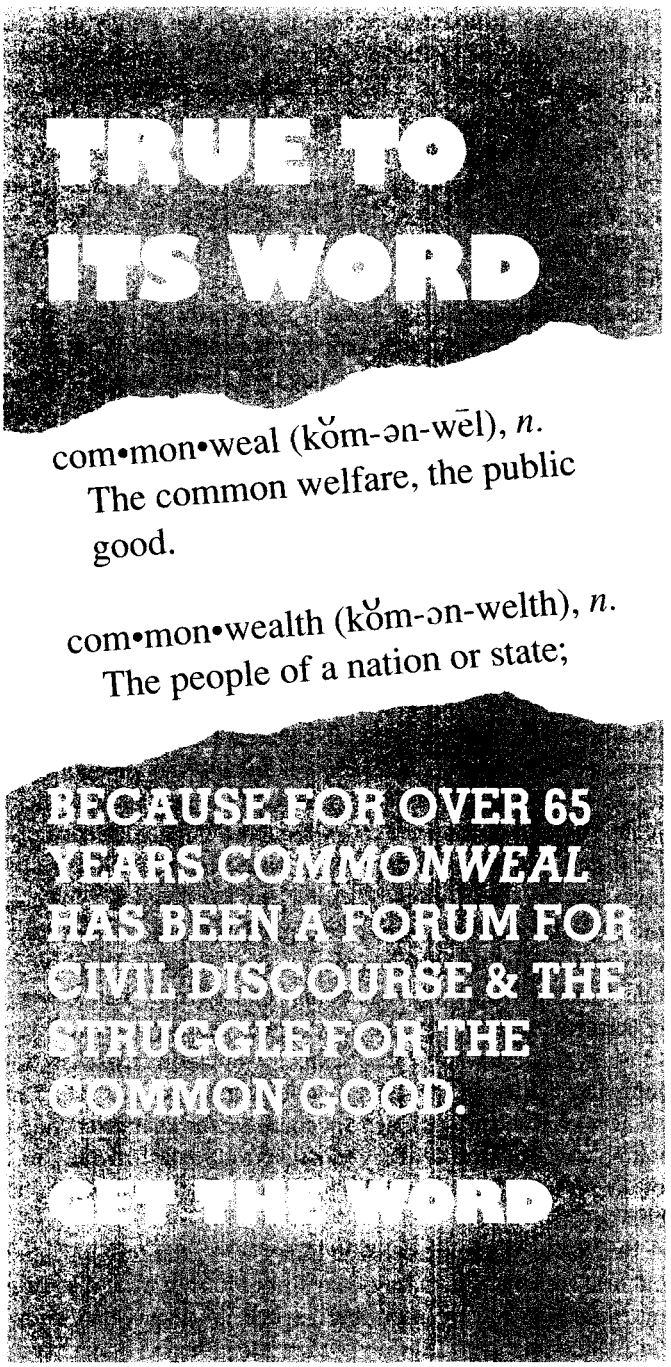
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has to be able to confront this truth. Pursuing such a calling beyond the level of how it makes one feel, through suffering to acceptance and possibly self-transcendence, is as noble a life-goal as anyone can come up with, a genuine expression of the mystery of the cross. Clerical celibacy can be an occasion for such a journey, but neither celibacy nor the priesthood, nor even the two combined as the clerical caste attempts to do, can supply an adequate sense of identity if nature and nurture have not adequately installed it in the personality.

Today, given the shift in consciousness and its concomitant discouraging of celibacy, more than the average number of candidates for the priesthood are likely to be men for whom a mature sexual identity is not firmly established. Providing them with assurances of the rightness of their actions, or of the spiritual superiority which their choice of celibacy indicates, or with the comfort of a covertly homophiliac subculture to keep them feeling secure will serve neither them nor the church well. Simplistic affirmation of celibacy as a heroic ideal, which requires only the will to accomplish (assisted by grace, of course), cuts a priest off from the wellsprings of redemptive suffering. It teaches self-satisfaction and an arrogance which continually alienates the clergy from the laity whom they are supposed to serve.

When we remove the paradox from celibacy, we refuse to admit the extent to which celibates often *need to be* celibate, but that this disability can be redemptive and the occasion of grace for the individual and the community. When we eliminate the paradox of the cross and replace it with the heroics of suffering as good in itself, we eliminate the need for ongoing discernment and reflection on the roots of an individual's vocation and we risk creating a self-satisfied bureaucracy of bachelors in charge of a diminished spiritual community.

The historical loss of the paradox which Jesus proposed in calling celibacy a disability brings me back to where I began: the issue of mandatory celibacy. By their trust that the "gift of celibacy" would always be generously bestowed by God and by their assurance that the "grace of fidelity" to celibacy would never be denied to those who ask, the bishops at Vatican II and since have effectively staunched any serious discernment on the part of the church (laity and clergy) about whether an exclusively celibate and male clergy can continue to serve the kingdom adequately within the changed conditions of the life of the church on the brink of another millennium. If being celibate for the sake of the kingdom stems from the paradox of grace, legislating it as a requirement of priestly service amounts to institutional self-establishment, a refusal to live by the grace which we are confident God bestows.

As a priest who has struggled to be reconciled with his own lack of progeny, I have come to recognize my own temptation to compensate for my frustrated paternity by building structures with and projecting my image onto the people I have been appointed to serve. Fortunately, many of the laity I have worked with have valued their own autonomy and led me to a deeper sense of my capacity for leadership in spite of any mutual transferring of needs we may have engaged in. Facing my needs in pastoral

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and personal relationships, I have sought to balance freedom and attachment in a way that promotes mutual growth in personal discipleship. Though a few young men with whom I worked are pursuing that discipleship to ordination, most are making their journey in faith beyond the bounds of celibacy, in committed relationships and marriage. On the whole, the needs of the church for a committed laity, not my needs, have been served. Today, celibate priests, like myself, who freely chose, and now more warily affirm their choice, would be even more affirmed if they could welcome colleagues not only from the ranks of those who, like themselves, chose to live their disability for the sake of the kingdom, but also from the ranks of those who have chosen sexual and spiritual companionship in marriage. The paradox of grace works there too, different only in degree, not kind.

PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST & A CULTURE

A VISIT TO SERBIA

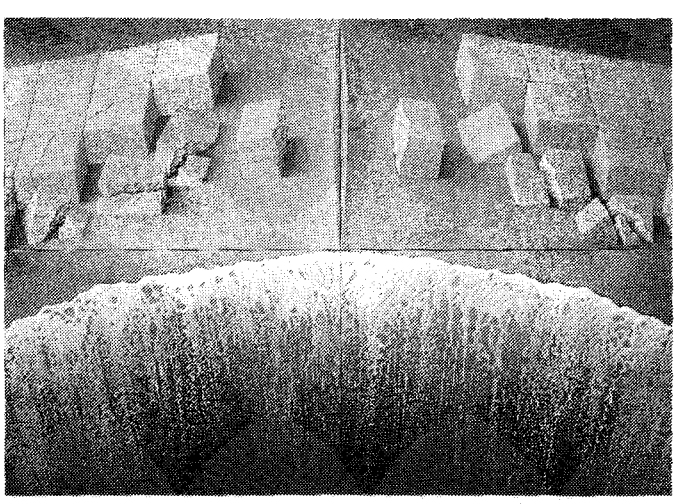
MARY ANN GLENDON

My eyes widened as Belgrade's skyline, dominated by a massive new church whose central dome was topped by a golden cross, came into view. Yugoslavian communism, though steering its own course in many ways since 1948, was until recently no less hostile to religion than the regimes of other East European countries more closely aligned with the Soviet Union. Only a few years earlier there had been nothing in particular to catch one's eye above the jagged rooftops of the capital city of Serbia and Yugoslavia. Where had this structure come from and what did it mean?

The mystery of its appearance was easily solved. At the Church of Saint Sava, a well-spoken young man was conducting a daily tour of the site. He took obvious pleasure in recounting how the shell of what is said to be the largest Orthodox church in the world sprang up in a mere three years. Plans to build a great church on the model of Saint Sophia had begun at the turn of the century. It was, of course, to be dedicated to Saint Sava, patron saint of the Serbs. The foundations were laid in 1935, but construction was interrupted by the war, and the site was nationalized by the Tito regime at war's end. In 1984, the Yugoslav government finally acceded to the demands of the Serbian patriarch for the restoration of the property, and when construction resumed in earnest in 1986, the brick and concrete structure rose quickly, funded entirely by voluntary donations. When the church is complete, its outer walls will be covered with white marble. Ranged about the great central dome will be twelve copper-domed bell towers, and five smaller domes, seventeen more gold crosses catching the sunlight.

The edifice was constructed at breakneck speed during a period of severe inflation and economic distress, dramatic evidence of the importance accorded the project by thousands of private donors in Serbia and America. Though not yet open for regular services, the church was filled to capacity (fifteen thousand) at a special dedicatory service in 1989, with over a hundred thousand persons standing outside. Except for one human rights lawyer who grumbled at the waste of money, nearly every Serb with whom I spoke seemed pleased and proud about the new church. Even some who were professed atheists and Communists said they had contributed to the building fund.

Saint Sava is obviously a symbol of Serbian national pride. Does the new church signify anything concerning the state of Serbian Orthodoxy after years of repression? Although no one seemed reluctant to discuss this subject, most appeared somewhat at a loss. The author of a popular new book on Serbian history and culture stressed the significance of the fact that historically anti-Communist sentiments could be expressed in religious guise before more direct dissent was tolerated. For others, the Orthodox



ДРАГАН МОЈОВИЋ

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church and the small group of followers who openly supported it under Tito seem to occupy the role that Garry Wills says Catholics once fulfilled in the United States: they are important to those who want to believe that somewhere there are others who "believe." Another commonly voiced view held religion to be an important part of Serbian history, and its suppression a terrible form of discrimination. All in all, it was difficult to discern what Jaroslav Pelikan calls "the spirit of Eastern Christendom" in these conversations.

On the other hand, it would be a grave mistake to attach too much importance to the fact that strong nationalist sentiments are associated with the apparent resurgence of interest in Serbian Orthodoxy. Historically, religion and national feeling have never been separate in Serbia. Cyril and Methodius, the apostles to the Slavs, "brought not only the Gospel but the consciousness of national vocation to their converts," as Pelikan points out. From its inception, the Serbian Orthodox church was a national church, with a national liturgy and national saints. Saint Sava, the first independent archbishop of Serbia, was the son of a legendary twelfth-century ruler, Stephen Nemanja. This close union of religious and national identity is hard for most Americans to understand, with our tradition of separation of church and state, and the adherence of many of us to churches that transcend national boundaries.

In the collective Serbian memory, however, the strong state of the late medieval period and the independent Serbian church are fused. Imagine what powerful feelings must have been aroused on June 25, 1989, when over a million Serbs gathered on the plains of Kosovo to commemorate the six hundreth anniversary of the fateful battle between the Serbs and the Ottoman Turks. On that day, the charismatic Communist president of Serbia, Slobodan Milosevic, addressed the multitudes, with the bearded patriarch at his side, flanked by a retinue of young popes. "That's how it was in the times when things were good for us Serbs," a friend told me.

Everyone I spoke with—old friends from my student days in Belgrade in 1962; new friends and acquaintances; young people and those who remember the war; Serbians who consider themselves "Europeans" or "Yugoslavs," as well as Serbians who identify above all with Serbia—all were eager to talk about Serbia; few had much to say about Orthodox Christianity. Toward the end of my stay in Yugoslavia, I returned to the Metropole Hotel reflecting that, after all, there had been forty years of religious repression. How could the church have perpetuated—much less renewed—its teachings; how could parents have transmitted their beliefs to a new generation? I remembered Rousseau's explanation of why Diogenes could not find an honest man: he was searching among his contemporaries for a citizen of an earlier age. Then, I noticed something else that was new since my last visit.

There on the walls of the magnificently seedy lobby of the Metropole were two huge murals, reminiscent of the art of M.C. Escher in their austerity and technical precision, but suffused with a warmth and mystery that was quite their own. The larger of the two, titled "Border Landscape" (1988), depicts two regions (let's call them East and West) composed of stone blocks. In Belgrade, "East" and "West" do not carry quite the same connotations that the cold war gave those terms in the United States. There is an older, deeper, line that runs through the heart of Europe: between Rome and Constantinople; between the Latin alphabet and the Cyrillic. It is a line that runs between Serbia and Croatia.

In "Border Landscape," East and West are composed of the same stony stuff, though the blocks are arranged somewhat differently. Fault lines are visible on many of the stones, and both East and West are crumbling at the margins—in slightly different ways. In the center of the expanse of sandy earth that lies between them, there is one block. It appears to belong to both East and West, but it is broken in two. The two halves, though not touching, have been tied together in a cradle of string that appears to be stretched to the breaking point. Beneath them, the very earth is cracking. Occupying half the foreground, and encroaching on East and West alike, is what looks like an incoming tide, or perhaps just a slowly spreading primal ooze—blue-green, foamy, more benign than threatening.

On the second mural, "Morning Annunciation" (1989), the tide or ooze nearly covers the whole canvas. Nothing else is visible except the disappearing sand, and a slender white cross slanting at a precarious angle above the foam. The cross is attached to a string which disappears into the water. The cross might be falling into the ooze, or something might be pulling it up. But what? I had to know.

With the help of a friend, I called the artist, Dragan Mojovic, who readily agreed to discuss the paintings with me. As we drove to his studio in an old section of Belgrade, he spoke animatedly about his life, his work, and his family. A youthful-looking man in his late forties with a ready and open smile, he

Leonard A. Temme

The Mandelbrot Problem

Although I would walk straight
think, act, and see straight
I am porous:
a stomach wound over itself,
muscles that ratchet into bunches,
a brain like a cauliflower,
and bones bent with round ends.
Everywhere, I am
wrinkles and curves.

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had none of the world-weary air one observes in many of his contemporaries. Though he apologized for his English, he put it to good use in carrying a torrent of ideas. His background, he said, was in mathematics and engineering. In the midst of a discourse on the history of Yugoslav art, he paused to call my attention to a small red brick building that was of no particular architectural interest so far as I could see. "That's my church!" he shouted, as we roared through the traffic.

At his studio, Mojovic explained that the two paintings at the Metropole were part of a cycle. He showed me the others. In "Border Landscape" the "old modern world" is passing away. "Morning Annunciation" hints at the beginning of a new world. In the next painting, the foamy blue-green waters are beginning to recede, and we see that the thread that was pulling or holding the cross is attached to something—an egg! And then—in a dazzling series of canvasses—egg, cross, and string seem to be engaged in an increasingly elaborate dance, tracing balletic patterns in the air and the damp sand. The foamy water begins to swirl, making designs that in their regular irregularity suggest the turbulence and coherence of Mandelbrot sets. The cross and the egg, Mojovic explains, are the spirit and the earth's life force: their dance, in its order and disorder, is the creation of the new world. "Mathematics is the language of God," he says, pulling out more canvasses.

Many of Mojovic's paintings are artistic meditations on "moments" in mathematics ("The Discovery of the Golden Mean") or in intellectual history ("The Enlightenment"). In others, the painter's imagination has raced into the world of fractal geometry and strange attractors. Fertility symbols are everywhere—often hidden in mathematical forms (the womblike swirls of Benoit Mandelbrot)—sometimes as tufts of luxuriant soft green grass sprouting between stones. "Everyone who studies mathematics," he tells me, "comes to this deep level of connection with poetry and spirituality."

And Orthodoxy? "I accept everything in my tradition!" he exclaims with the same delight he displayed a moment before when showing his pictures of "magic squares." "This is the modern way of Orthodox believing: *com*-prehension, understanding as an embrace." And the Church of Saint Sava? "Ah, wonderful!"

As Timothy Garton Ash has written, the so-called revival of religion in Eastern Europe is an exceedingly complex phenomenon that "cuts several ways," and which cut is deeper, no one knows. Still, it was a fine thing to meet the irrepressible Mojovic, who, whatever he may be, is certainly not a man from a bygone age.

A few days later, sitting in another great church in Paris, I thought of my Yugoslav friends and their troubled country, riven with ethnic and religious conflict. In the Western calendar, it was the Feast of Pentecost, and the second reading was from Paul's First Letter to the Corinthians: "There is a variety of gifts but always the same spirit; there are all sorts of service to be done, but always to the same Lord; working in all sorts of different ways on different people, it is the same God who is working in all of them."

Good luck to you, painter Mojovic, and may "com-prehension" descend upon your land.

SCREEN

THEYDUNIT

'TWO JAKES' & 'PRESUMED INNOCENT'

The Two Jakes is a haunted movie and the discomfiting spirit haunting it is another movie: *Chinatown*. Because its atmosphere of dread, doomed romance, and unfathomable corruption lingers in the memory long after the twists and turns of its plot have faded, *Chinatown* is a detective story fondly remembered as something more than a detective story. Nevertheless, those twists and turns worked while one saw the movie. As much as Jack Nicholson's raffish charm or Faye Dunaway's edgy sexiness, the cunningly executed plot compelled, teased, filtered, and rewarded the viewer's attention. Before a detective movie can transcend its genre, it must fulfill it. *Chinatown* did. *The Two Jakes* does not. One of the reasons it doesn't is that Robert Towne, screenwriter for both films, can't stop masticating his earlier success.

The Two Jakes has a good premise. Jake Gittes, still doing divorce work, takes on a client named Jake Berman. Gittes sets a trap for Berman's adulterous wife, a ploy meant merely to provide Berman the means for a speedy, cheap divorce. But client Jake seems to go haywire and kills his wife's lover. Or was the killing calculated? (The victim was Berman's partner and the killer might profit by the death.) If it was a case of temporary insanity, Gittes may lose his license for letting a madman loose. So Detective Jake must prove that Client Jake is a cold-blooded killer.

I leaned forward in my seat with anticipation. After thirty minutes, I wasn't leaning any further forward.

We expect numerous complications in a detective story. But they must be introduced at a pace that leaves us never more than one step behind the detective and certainly never more than half a pace ahead of him. *The Two Jakes* accomplishes the unhappy miracle of putting the viewer both numbingly behind and contemptuously ahead of Jake Gittes.

Numbingly behind. Clues aren't just introduced; they are scatter-shot over the movie's landscape where they remain, never to be picked up. New characters are introduced and immediately dropped without affecting the story in any essential way. It is portentously hinted that an oil conspiracy is at the heart of the mystery. (How timely!) Then it turns out that oil has nothing whatsoever to do with the murder. Thugs beat Gittes to wrest an essential piece of evidence from him, but it turns out that Gittes would have surrendered the evidence gladly if only he had been clearly informed of its true significance, and the man inciting the thugs must have known of Gittes's potential willingness in the first place.

And contemptuously ahead. The plot pivots on Gittes's recognition of the woman to whom Berman is married. I realized who she was sixty minutes before Nicholson had a glimmer.

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And I'm not that bright.

How could Robert Towne, renowned in Hollywood for his intelligence and craftsmanship, have perpetrated this mess? My hunch was implied in the first sentence of this review.

Illegal manipulation of public waterworks was at the heart of *Chinatown*'s mystery; so Towne has tried to put oil piracy at the heart of *Jakes*'s. Was there a dwarfish thug in the earlier movie? This time there's a giant. Was there a capitalist buccaneer in *Chinatown* played by lanky, grey-haired John Houston? There's another robber baron in the sequel, so inadequately played by lanky, gray-haired Richard Farnsworth that director Jack Nicholson has to stick in narration telling us that Farnsworth's character is really evil despite what we see on the screen. Was Faye Dunaway a fascinating femme fatale? Madeline Stowe has that function here but performs so blankly that the director has to put sunglasses or facial cream on her in order to lend her the sense of self-concealment that the magnificent Dunaway achieved with sheer acting.

Considering the chaos of the script, Jack Nicholson has done a surprisingly good job of directing. Some of the early camera placements are fussy, but Nicholson knows how to use dim lighting and cramped places to both sinister and romantic ends. He misdirects the two female leads, Stowe and Meg Tilly, but works well with all the men except Farnsworth. Harvey Keitel creates a character who is at first racked with anxiety, then frightening in his willingness to use force, then finally and pathetically at the end of his rope. Keitel shows in his acting a grasp of dramatic development that Towne never shows here in his writing.

And Nicholson's Jake Gittes? This script doesn't give him the opportunities to gleam that he made the most of in *Chinatown.* Still, this is recognizably Gittes, eleven years older, paunchier, shrewder, less hot-headed but with the fires inside only banked, not quenched. No one arches his eyebrows like Jack Nicholson and no one conveys, as he does, the semblance of a soused, kindly demon who has decided to guide you through hell rather than torment you there.

According to the latest polls, only 142 American adults have not yet read the novel, *Presumed Innocent* (the Alaskan statistics aren't in yet). So the book haunts its film adaptation as grimly as *Chinatown* haunts its sequel. But, in this case, only the critics have been spooked, not the moviemakers. Adaptors Frank Pierson (script) and Alan Pakula (script and direction) have done better than yeoman service in bringing the story of a prosecutor prosecuted (for the murder of his mistress) to the screen. In fact, they have accomplished exactly what the maker of *The Two Jakes* bungled: the step-by-step unfolding of a murder mystery and its solution at a pace and in a manner that keeps the viewer just abreast of the protagonists.

At least, that's what I think. Most of the critics seemed to have watched the film while trying to finish the *Times* crossword puzzle in their laps. They read the book, they already knew who done it, so why the devil was Pakula wasting their time by telling this retread with such care and attention to detail?

But, since I went to the movie as a *Presumed Innocent* virgin, I can report that it is a perfectly self-sustaining organism. The pace is methodical but not boring, and the cinematic workmanship is beautiful, without ever smacking of self-congratulation. The black, brown, and gold palette that has been cinematographer Gordon Willis's obsession for the last quarter of a century perfectly suits this tale of legal dealmakers who serve and betray each other while leaning back in leather chairs or walking down dingy corridors under fluorescent lights. As they walk, they move in and out of shadows; so do their motives and their perceptions of one another.

In a descending elevator, chief prosecutor Brian Dennehy rages at his deputy, Harrison Ford, and the monotonous thud-thud that marks the passing of each floor sounds like a metronome dully mocking the man's swelling fury. He can scream for results until doomsday (i.e., the next election), but doomsday approaches at its own pace.

Or consider the flutter of the judge's (Paul Windfield) fingers as he beckons an incompetent attorney to approach the bench. It's a hilarious gesture because it so beautifully conveys the judge's itch to strangle the idiot before him. But there's also a weary finality in it: the judge, for reasons of his own, has been waiting for this particular prosecutor to make his inevitable mistake, and so this gesture succinctly marks the turning point in the movie's climactic trial.

Windfield, Dennehy, John Spencer, Gretta Scacchi, the continually improving Raul Julia, and Bonnie Bedelia (whose frozen countenance periodically rippled by scorn and pain fascinated me) make up a superb supporting cast, and the man they're supporting isn't bad either. Indeed, Harrison Ford, as the hapless Rusty Sabich, gives his best performance to date, but his achievement is like the nature of the man he portrays: slow, patient, meticulous, not wizardly, not grandstanding. Everyone else in this picture gets at least one hotdogging acting opportunity, but for most of the movie Ford must sit and watch and quietly respond to the fits other people throw. Yet it's his bottled-up, imploding character that carries the movie. And, whether or not Rusty Sabich finally gets convicted (my lips are sealed for the sake of my 141 fellow virgins), Harrison Ford certainly got a bum rap from the jury of movie critics. So did the movie he's in.

RICHARD ALLEVA

STAGE

CROSSING THE WE-THEY GAP

'SMOKE ON THE MOUNTAIN'

New York audiences are ambivalent about theater in the Southern idiom. When the Southern Theater Conspiracy's production of *Tent Meeting* turned up off-Broadway in 1987, after having played all over the country, it received indifferent reviews and lasted for only fifteen performances. A funny, acid, knockabout farce-satire centering on the Second

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Coming, it seemed to baffle viewers who had trouble with so sophisticated a play performed in the dialect of rural Georgia. On the other hand, *Smoke on the Mountain*, "a new gospel comedy musical," an amiable show where *Tent Meeting* was sometimes abrasive, has settled into the Lamb's Theatre for what promises to be a comfortable run.

Smoke, which began at the McCarter in Princeton in 1988, most resembles *Oil City Symphony*, a casual seeming revue that ran off-Broadway for more than a year (1987-89). Written by the performers, *Oil City* pretended to be a concert by a group which had played together in high school and had come back for a reunion performance years later. It kidded the performers, the music, the occasion, and ended by sucking the audience in, making them part of the event and turning the joke into a celebratory occasion. It was a feel-good show which never lost its comic edge but persuaded its audience to a what-the-hell shrug that indicated a willingness to look foolish, as in the auditorium-wide dancing of the "Hokey-Pokey." *Smoke on the Mountain* is the same kind of show, although the shrug should perhaps not be "what-the-hell" since the occasion is an evening of gospel music, performed by a family of part-time revivalists in a Baptist church (hard-shell, I assume) in North Carolina. The audience, prepared to laugh at the foibles of the family and at songs like "I'm Using My Bible for a Roadmap," were quickly willing to cross the we-they bridge and join in the singing of "Bringing in the Sheaves." My chief complaint about that number is that the chorus is repeated over and over (does the management not trust the folks in the congregation?) and we never got a chance to sing the verses ("Sowing the morning, Sowing seeds of gladness...") which buoy the spirited chorus.

Conceived by Alan Bailey, who directed, and written by Connie Ray, who played June, the nonsinging Sanders (she did play a mean set of bones on one number), *Smoke* is essentially a gospel revue, mixing a few standard hymns with songs which indicate that this is country-music territory—not the current country music of maudlin broken-heart love songs, but an earlier, anecdotal mode, heavy on metaphor and moral. On this musical skeleton hangs the story of the individual members of the Sanders family whose testifying—as testifying should be—is autobiographical: Burl and Vera, who are trying to make a go of a filling station without selling beer in the attached store and who manage to sprinkle the evening with advertisements; the twins, shy Dennis and Denise, who have show-business longings; June, who is something of an outsider; and Uncle Stanley, newly returned from a long backslide into booze and jail. It is also the story of the Rev. Mervin Oglethorpe who has risked his position by inviting the Sanders family to perform, constantly assuring the congregation that he is not bringing music to the regular service. There is a moment of crisis when Denise and June move in patterned steps to one of the songs and the more conservative members of the congregation stomp out convinced that the preacher has brought not only music but dancing into their church. Only the intermission saves the day, for it gives Rev. Oglethorpe time to gloss over the difficulties while the rest of us go out for coffee and pie (a great improvement on the *Oil City* cookies); the sweet potato pie I had was not quite moist enough but it was blessedly (as we say at Mount Pleasant Baptist Church) light on the sugar, which in excess ruins so many attempts at this delicacy.

My first reaction to *Smoke* was mild annoyance, a suspicion that we were going to be asked to condescend to these people. It was not the humor in the songs and their presentation that bothered me, for there has always been a subversive undertone in Protestant churches, particularly among the young, that contradicts the rigidity which proclamations out of Tupelo, Mississippi, have led us to expect. I remember a youth meeting in our church basement fifty years ago at which our preacher tapdanced to a jazzed-up version of "Count Your Many Blessings." It was not irreverence; it was fun. That kind of fun finally prevails in *Smoke on the Mountain*. The portraits are broad caricatures and the songs are often ludicrous—particularly if you think *Stabat Mater* is the only way religious music can go. But the playgoers ended by embracing the characters and responding positively to the vigor—if not the lyrics—of the songs. *Smoke* is not likely to bring anyone to Jesus nor even to make the audience think—as *Tent Meeting* might—but then it was clearly not intended as a conversion drama or a laughing theological game. It is just another feel-good revue, a cheerful way to pass an evening while we wait for art and commitment and passion to light up the new season—if ever.

GERALD WEALES

Anne Porter

House-Guests

"All of us are coming"
No they are not coming
They may be coming
They may not be coming

Four of them are coming
That is, if they are coming!
Five will come on Friday
Three will leave on Sunday
Two will come back Tuesday
That is, if they are coming

They may be coming
They may not be coming

If they were really coming
Two of them would be coming
But they are not coming...

Six of them are coming!

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These guys know how to write

PAUL BAUMANN

There aren't many craftsmen who wield as sharp or deft a blade as Wilfrid Sheed. His flashing strokes cut into the object of his attentions with economy and precision, and with a palpable, almost sensual, bite. Usually a bite on the rump. "As with God in the late Middle Ages," Sheed teases in his skeptical way, "all that there is to know about the Mafia seems to be known by now except whether it actually exists." His sharp wit and fabled irony never grow dull with use. "What is particularly sneaky about IQ," the self-confessed "Dumbo" slyly proposes, "is that it takes a good one even to criticize it." And then he criticizes it, sort of.

Essays in Disguise, Sheed's third collection of criticism and commentary, is brimming with the author's shrewd asides. The quintessential Sheed sentence is something of a conjuring act. Like the magician who innocently turns his palms up to the audience before pulling a bouquet out of the air, Sheed teases the hidden prize out of his long elegant verbal sleeve. "Thus: the sprawling seminaries of the fifties may be ghost towns—but we are all priests now. Likewise, the swollen churches can't meet their mortgages—but, then our life is our prayer." Or, "It seems he was strictly a line poet, string them as you will, so that his poems are like all-star teams that haven't practiced together." Where did he pick up such powers of prestidigitation? "When it comes to sloth," the performer confesses, "words fail me." Please, ladies and gentlemen, keep your eye on the dove.

As readers of *Commonweal* have long known, words are not something that fail Sheed often, and *Essays in Disguise* is further testimony to that agreeably chronic condition. This collection includes material from as far back as 1974 and ranges from literary briefs in defense of Hemingway and J.D. Salinger to acerbic political and cultural commentary to appreciations of talents as varied as Frank Sinatra, John Updike, and the author's own gregarious but sedentary "indoorsman" father.

Books Discussed in this Column

Essays in Disguise, *Wilfrid Sheed, Knopf, $19.95, 264 pp.*

What Are People For?, *Wendell Berry, North Point Press, $9.95, 214 pp.*

On the humorist S.J. Perelman, as with the writers Jean Stafford, J.D. Salinger, and others, Sheed is a clear-eyed eulogist. "His reading was so extensive," Sheed warns of Perelman, "that just looking up his references could give one a pretty good education, and looking up his tailor could do the rest." Whether demanding greater discrimination from Garry Wills in the characterization of "liberals" or something less grandiloquent from Robert Lowell, Sheed never sacrifices a person for an idea and is suspicious of those who do. Character counts. Of the preternatually vain Lowell, Sheed observes "his self-esteem was surely enough recognition for anyone." Demurring from the popular rehabilitation of the Eisenhower presidency, he shakes his head in wry befuddlement. "To begin with, nobody has the right to be that bland.... Which brings us back to why we like our Ikes, men who seem to take no sides, to *have* no sides, whatsoever."

In some ways the best, or at least the most thorough and deeply engaging piece is simply titled "Church." It is an unblinking (well, he bats a lash or two) analysis of the foundering of the American Catholic church ("Fortress America," "Alcatraz") in the unnavigable wake of Vatican II. Sheed steers smartly about in these treacherous waters, but more on that shortly. An extended review of Ian Hamilton's biography of a notoriously uncooperative J.D. Salinger is a model of how to blend literary and historical observation. Sheed does a masterly job of situating Holden Caulfield and the enchanting (to a point) Glass family in the literary landscape, and throws in a fascinating footnote on the cultural impact of the Battle of the Bulge to boot. Whether it is in noting an affinity between Thomas Merton and Salinger or in knowing precisely what makes John Updike's Rabbit Angstrom run, affection and generosity characterize his assessments. Yet he rarely succumbs to sentimentality. Somehow, his quicksilver tongue and felicity of phrase save him.

You pick up a book by Sheed expecting to put it down again soon—in a gale of appreciative laughter. *Essays in Disguise* does not disappoint on this score. A quick sketch of the journalist-historian Theodore White's "lunchmanship" is outright hilarious. But the tab on White is tame next to the savaging reserved for an irrepressible old fraud such as Richard Nixon. "Anyway, if history turns out to be kind to Richard Nixon, it will be because history doesn't have to look at him."

When he writes elegiacally of friend and neighbor Jean Stafford, Sheed's empathy and understanding of human frailty are humbling. Stafford, the brilliant short story writer and novelist, emerges as a prickly, difficult, and troubled woman, but she emerges whole, a complete character. In fact, even in the more analytical literary essays Sheed gives us character, action, color—all the things that make for vivid writing. Oh, there are some arid spots. The tribute to Frank Sinatra, though obviously sincere, reads like the album liner notes it actually was. Surprisingly, some shorter

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columns leave very little aftertaste. But as Sheed notes, columns are the "fast food" of literature.

On the church, a topic inherited from his famous evangelical Catholic parents, Sheed presents an acute diagnosis of the problem, one that seems no closer to resolution now than it was sixteen years ago when the essay was first published. At his boldest, Sheed suggests there is something basically incompatible between American life, with its Pelagian myths and materialistic convictions, and the social and political pessimism of Catholicism. In this sense, the American Catholic church was always an artificial construct, its pre-Vatican II solidity a kind of illusion.

American Catholicism thrived in a segregated urban immigrant community. Given its hierarchical structure and traditional notions of authority, its devotional and clerical traditions, Catholicism could never develop indigenous forms of social loyalty or expression rooted deeply in America's improvisational culture. Rather, it was "an amalgam of quaintness plus an awful lot of football." When the immigrants' children prospered and moved to the suburbs—coming into their full American inheritance—little held them to a church that failed to offer "a serious alternative culture that really looked American." The confusion and defections after Vatican II revealed how irresistible American notions of individualism and freedom are (as the entire world is fast learning).

Stripped to its bare bones (or increasingly defrocked congregations), this is a tough judgment on an institution whose antagonists, at least, still fret over its malignant cultural and political influence. But Sheed lends credibility to his argument by locating Catholicism in specific social and symbolic forms. He evokes with power the pull of the sacraments and the liturgical drama of the church. Catholics forged a unique identity through a commitment to those rituals and social interactions. "We always knew the doctrines were farfetched," Sheed writes. Instead, allegiance was reserved for the church's "constellation of practices, built around specific holy places...(which met) the paired psychic needs for permanence and change, dignity and recklessness." As that way of life and worship receded, so did the religious bonds it reflected and engendered. Catholicism is a "communal religion" that requires a strong sense of society's *a priori* authority, not a voluntarist's choice of an ad hoc collectivity. It has to be part of the air we breathe, not an elective in a broader, hence defining, curriculum.

If Sheed is right about this, one can always object that even in its attenuated form Catholicism is a useful source of tension with the assumption of American exceptionalism. Beyond that, things look bleak. Only a broader "cultural revolution" might reinvigorate the church, Sheed writes wistfully. But the lack of local community and culture that has enfeebled American Catholicism is endemic to modern American life as well.

Such eschatological considerations bring us, rather neatly, to the apocalyptic ruminations of poet, essayist, and novelist Wendell Berry. Berry is like nothing on God's green earth—a color he's partial to. In tone, temperament, and literary style Sheed and Berry are about as close as Frank Sinatra and Pete Seeger. Berry must be the only important American writer in whose work the word "topsoil" figures centrally. For those allergic to barnyard animals or the ingredients in the better recipes for topsoil, Berry's prescriptions for salvation present formidable obstacles. But don't be deterred.

Berry, a Kentucky farmer and sometime academic, has been called prophetic or utopian, depending on your politics. Odd words in either case for a man who puts such great stock in people doing their chores—and liking it! True, Berry preaches doom. He does not shy away from the word totalitarian in describing the operations of our economy, the fatal logic of progress and "technological mystification," the destruction of our ecology, and the manipulative nature of our politics. He's stern, censorious, uncompromising. He takes no prisoners—unless they're willing to do some weeding. Recycling, and other relatively painless acts of good faith, don't impress him. The solution to our ecological and social problems is cultural, not economic or political. There is precious little health in us.

Like some visitor from Mars, Berry

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questions the meaning of "progress" and "better." He wants to make the standard of measurement explicit, and as the title of the book suggests, humane. Man's measure is found in the proportions and balance of nature, not in rationalizations of our unlimited appetites. "In general, aside from its own highly specialized standards of quantity and efficacy, 'technological progress' has produced a social and ecological decline." The pollution and waste intrinsic to the modern economy are not merely technical problems, but spiritual disasters as well.

What we do has inescapable consequences for how we think and what we value. Educated to be passive consumers, we are all but helpless in providing ourselves with the basic necessities of life. This helplessness spurs on our consumption of "things" in a futile search for self-justification. Moreover, the organizational demands of mass production centralize power in unprecedented ways, leaving us free to "recreate" but empowered to do little else. Berry protests the "logical sterility" of competition as an ideal and our inability to protect any value existing outside the marketplace. We are a nation of "fantasists," a "people who cannot think about anything important." The solution? "We must achieve the character and acquire the skills to live much poorer than we do." Say what? Yup, that's what the man says. A return to the "economies" of household and community is needed. The alternative, he warns, is to squander finite resources and stumble toward social chaos.

This gloomy message is mitigated by Berry's unpretentious style, his judicious use of metaphor, considerable analytical strengths, and hard-won vision. He comes straight at you when he writes. What he praises in the thought of a black Alabama sharecropper is equally true of his own work. "It is a language under the discipline of experience, not ideas or rules," and it is especially vivid because it is "never far from judgment." The argument for placing limits on America's expropriation of resources and relentless material advancement is perhaps familiar. But few critics equal Berry in illuminating the connections between our dispirited communal life, vague but racking unease, and the oppressive monotony of our increasingly "disembodied" work.

The fear of hard physical labor is symptomatic. Our liberation from "drudgery" is an unquestioned article of secular faith. Berry suggests it is a hollow victory. "Many of my dearest memories come from the times of hardest work," he writes, weaving his recollections of tobacco farming into a devastating critique of the isolating conditions of modern, sedentary work. Even those chained to word processors may be tempted to concede Berry this point, and lament the atrophied "possibilities and purposes of the life of the body in this world." Hard work, especially when it involves joint effort, does seem to rinse the synapses, washing memory in ever brighter colors, thus deepening our hold on the moment.

"The intolerable irony in our dissatisfaction is that we have removed pleasure from our work in order to remove 'drudgery' from our lives," Berry writes. "That there can be pleasure industries at all, exploiting our apparently limitless inability to be pleased, can only mean that our economy is divorced from pleasure and that pleasure is gone from our workplaces and our dwelling places. Our workplaces are more and more exclusively given over to production, and our dwelling places to consumption. And this accounts for the accelerating division of our country into defeated landscapes and victorious (but threatened) landscapes."

Berry presses forcibly against every commonplace assumption in these essays, from a prickly critique of the implicit condescension and cultural prejudices in Theodore Rosengarten's popular oral biography of the sharecropper Nate Shaw (*All God's Dangers: The Life of Nate Shaw*), to a nuanced criticism of feminism's complicity with the dominant culture of exploitation ("We need a broader, deeper cynicism"). We are given a tribute to Wallace Stegner and the "great community of human experience," a defense of "regional" writers, and an explanation of Berry's refusal to buy a computer. Again and again, Berry exposes the conformity of opinion that passes for most cultural criticism. Diversity of all kinds, especially in farming and in community life, is encouraged. The two are not casually related, but integrally and inexpungably connected. "It is our present principled and elaborately rationalized rape and plunder of the natural world that is the new thing under the sun," he writes.

All truly human activity—even the life of the mind—is built upon the reciprocity and affection of community life. The "industrialization" of farming, which has reduced an ancient and honorable way of life to the mechanized business of food "production," is now devoid of such affection. (So is academic life, Berry asserts.) The vast, industrialized farms of America have ruined the landscape and the health of the soil, rendered the skills of millions obsolete, and destroyed the possibility of rural culture. Moreover, the monolithic application of so-called "scientific" methods threatens the stability of the food supply in its failure to recognize the limits of nature. Berry counters this Faustian bargain with an explicitly sacramental understanding. Without a fundamental reverence for the integrity of the natural world, we are destined to destroy it and ourselves. A well-stocked supermarket is not a sign of prosperity or health but a perverse ritual of wastefulness and a measure of our spiritual alienation.

As Alexander Schmemann has written, the distinctive characteristic of secularism is not atheism or pluralism, but the "negation of worship." With his pitchfork, field horses, compost pit, and trusty Royal typewriter Berry challenges that cruel secular conceit. Our destiny is creaturely, not princely. In these superb essays the world is revealed as the place where God comes to meet man, and where we encounter our true selves as if for the first time.

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Where the money went

THE POLITICS OF RICH AND POOR
Wealth and the American Electorate in the Reagan Aftermath
Kevin Phillips
Random House, $19.95, 262 pp.

Francis Flaherty

During the 1980s, yachts became so common that the Atlantic and Pacific oceans received their own area codes (871 and 872, for those with a need to know). At the decade's start, CEOs earned 40 times the average worker income; by its end that multiple reached a stunning 93. And, in certain Manhattan precincts, a millionaire was redefined in the 1980s as one whose annual income exceeded $1 million.

"Money used to talk," gossip columnist Suzy said of the era. "Now it shrieks."

To the poor, though, money wasn't speaking at all. Even as Michael Milken pulled down his $550-million per annum, the poorest tenth of U.S. citizens saw their real income shrink nearly 15 percent from 1977 to 1988. While the *Forbes* 400 tripled their net worth, the United States became, in Senator Moynihan's words, "the first society in history in which the poorest group...is the children."

Kevin Phillips is a political analyst whose 1969 book, *The Emerging Republican Majority*, provided the basic strategy for the past twenty years of predominantly Republican rule. But in his latest work, *The Politics of Rich and Poor*, he sees in statistics and stories like these persuasive signs that the era he helped usher in may soon end.

Phillips has a cyclical view of U.S. history. He believes the nation is in a Republican "capitalist heyday" similar to the Gilded Age and the Roaring Twenties. All three eras feature such traits as conservatism, tax reduction, bad times for labor, increased debt, entrepreneurialism, polarization of wealth, economic deregulation, and suffering in the farming and mining sectors. The Democrats' one heyday, the New Deal era, was predictably marked by progressive taxation, welfare programs, economic regulation, and other liberal policies.

These cycles, Phillips suggests, have a natural life, growing from a genuine popular perception, maturing, and then spoiling as the party in power becomes elite and remote from those who put them in office. By the 1970s, for instance, Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal had evolved into Black Panther parties at Leonard Bernstein's Manhattan digs. Americans who had embraced FDR's Social Security could only shake their heads at radical chic. The result was that Richard Nixon, railing against limousine liberals, was borne into the White House by the Silent Majority.

The Republicans now suffer from analogous excess, Phillips says. From the cloth-coat Republicanism of Nixon they have evolved into the mink-coat elitism of Ivan Boesky and Betsy Bloomingdale that is as remote from the average American—and as politically vulnerable—as the Bernstein fete. The rich have gotten too rich and the poor too poor, and the people are restless.

For proof, Phillips cites the growing signs of discontent. The Republicans lost the Senate in 1986 because of disgruntled Midwest farmers, and Republican support among the young fell a significant 5 percent between 1984 and 1988. A 1987 poll found that nearly 60 percent of Americans believed that the rich are under-taxed; in a 1989 survey voters ranked poverty as the nation's second biggest problem. Big-buck television shows like "Dallas" and "Falcon Crest" lost viewers and, in May 1989, even the *Wall Street Journal* said, "the message is clear: Rich is out."

Phillips does not predict when the political turnabout will occur, though he troublingly observes that a cataclysm like the Depression is often the immediate cause. Instead, he concludes only that "as the rich grew richer, all that could be said was that more and more Americans were beginning to notice." This modest conclusion is a prudent one, too, for who can gauge the precise domestic political impact of the savings and loan crisis, the revolution in the Communist world, U.S. global decline, and the like?

Phillips did not discover the polarization of wealth and growing disgruntlement, of course. Since the mid-1980s, they have been the stuff of much commentary. But in framing and documenting the issues fully, Phillips has crystallized the debate so well that the book will probably be its basic text.

As for his cycle theory, it is hard to prove or disprove. Eventually, one party will always replace the other and anyone can call the transition a cycle. However, the parallels Phillips draws among his three Republican heydays—homelessness now and in the Gilded Age; the lionizing of the robber barons and of Donald Trump and Lee Iacocca—are often striking.

Moreover, the book has special dimensions. First, it sharply indicts the Democrats for failing to follow their own philosophy. Jimmy Carter, for instance, laid the groundwork for Reagan by appointing Paul Volcker as Federal Reserve chairman, raising Social Security taxes, and unleashing economic deregulation. During the Reagan years the "party of the little people" largely punted, failing to protest plutocratic Republican policies. And in 1988, despite strong voter response to Jesse Jackson's populism, Michael Dukakis played the centrist and gave George Bush the White House.

Republicans were incredulous. George Will noted that the 1988 federal budget

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interest payments constituted "a transfer of wealth from labor to capital unprecedented in American history." He pointedly asked, "If a Democrat can't make something of that, what are Democrats for?" Indeed, if it takes a Republican analyst to write the Phillips book, what *are* Democrats for?

The historical answer, Phillips says, is that the Democrats are for what the Republicans are for, only a little less so. Democrats are "history's second most enthusiastic capitalist party," the author declares. "They do not interfere much with capitalist momentum, but wait for excesses and the inevitable populist reaction."

Champions of a third political party—for the powerless—strongly agree. In any case, perhaps the Phillips book and the splash it had made will galvanize Democrats to seize the cudgel and rap the rich.

Second, the Phillips book nicely sketches the mechanisms by which Republican policy, both now and in earlier times, has helped the wealthy and hurt the poor. Phillips explains how the traditional Republican policy of tight money is a boon to (rich) creditors, for instance, and how economic deregulation during the Reagan years "favored upper-bracket Americans." While such Reagan measures as reducing the top income-tax rate from 70 percent to 28 percent clearly benefit the wealthy, Phillips explains the workings of less patent preferments.

He also assesses the Reagan economic record and finds it woefully wanting. As in prior capitalist heydays, there was a burst of real technological innovation and entrepreneurship, Phillips says, but unlike in prior periods the profits were more paper than real. "The great things promised were not delivered," Phillips declares, blaming Reagan for speeding America's global decline and the like.

Finally, the book has a moral heft. Phillips offers so many statistics on rich and poor that the numbers soon benumb. Some critics call the approach excessive, but it nicely echoes the excesses of the era. As the numbers pile up page after page, the reader becomes repelled by the obscene aggrandizement of so much by so few with so many in want. Will the nation soon be similarly disgusted, at last outraged by the immoral coexistence of the two central eighties symbols—the billionaire and the bag lady? Only time will tell.

TOO MUCH ADO ABOUT RAÏSSA

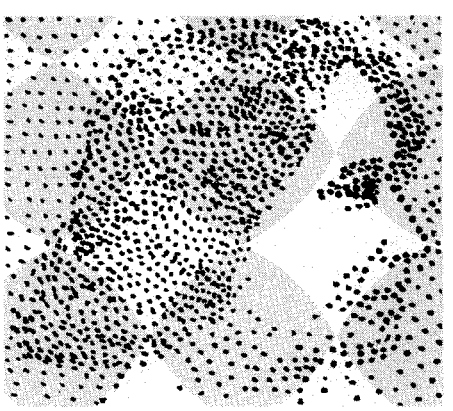
RAÏSSA MARITAIN
Pilgrim, Poet, Exile
Judith Suther
Fordham University Press, $35.00, 216 pp.

Madeline Marget

Judith Suther's biography of Raïssa Maritain is elegantly constructed, thoroughly researched, meticulously annotated, and completely readable. It does not, however, support the claim implicit in such a finely executed work: the subject doesn't seem worthy of the author's attention. Suther didn't persuade me that Raïssa was an important writer. (To avoid confusion, Suther refers to both Maritains by their first names, and I will follow her example.) And as far as evaluating her greater, contemplative, vocation is concerned, evidence is shaky—ephemeral by the subject's nature—and judgment futile. Understanding the quality of anyone's relationship with God is less a function of analysis than of faith.

That, Raïssa had. Born in 1883 to Russian-Jewish parents who emigrated to France so that their children—Raïssa and her sister Véra—might have greater educational opportunity, Raïssa showed brilliant academic promise, but left the Sorbonne without receiving a degree. Having met Jacques Maritain and, with him, pledging herself to a quest for the "Absolute"—they agreed to find God or kill themselves—she proceeded along an unwavering course. Together, the Maritains converted to Catholicism, formed a *mariage blanc*, followed the advice of a series of clerical mentors, partook of daily Mass at their house outside Paris, studied and taught Thomism, and were instrumental in numerous religious conversions. Most important of these, for the Maritains' personal lives, was that of Véra, who was baptized along with her sister and brother-in-law, took vows of celibacy as they did, and henceforth lived with them, forming what they called a "small community." All three were dedicated to the religious life, but only Raïssa occupied herself entirely with prayer and meditation—some of which she expressed in writing. For Véra and Jacques, Raïssa's mode of living was a gift: she served as witness for all of them. Their constant, life-long support and protection made it possible.

Raïssa's own concrete works consist of poems (Suther quotes many of these, and explicates them at length; several are lovely), a two-volume autobiographical memoir, a journal (published after her death), a children's book, one on Chagall, reviews and essays, including "contributions to the mass circulation (!) *Commonweal*." Suther insists Raïssa's writing can and must be understood only in relation to her faith. This proviso has the obvious potential of prejudicing the reader against the work as much as for it. Raïssa never involved herself with Jacques's extensive political work, nor addressed, at least in conventional terms, social problems. To Raïssa, all was "contingent" to her relationship with God; that is, everything else—from daily chores to her parents' feelings—could be dispensed with. Suther completely accepts Raïssa's orientation. She brings forward criticisms, acknowledges and explores them, and defends her subject against them. I was grateful for the answers she gave to the questions her material raised, but they seemed to me more denials than refuta-



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tions. Her argument that in order to appreciate Raïssa's written work one must accept and honor her spiritual achievement required a leap I couldn't make. My problem is with Raïssa's corporeal life. The events—and, more, the nonevents—of her temporal existence undermine the sympathy Suther gives her subject, and which she asks us to share.

Raïssa did not relinquish her death wish. To the end of her life (after a stroke, at sixty-seven) she looked forward to the release from life's disharmonies, and the union with God she believed death would bring. She also regularly enjoyed ill health, "I feel the debility of recovery," she said, "not of illness," and, "I am ill because illness is salutary for me." Raïssa promptly and completely recovered from the few identifiable diseases Suther documents. Mostly, she suffered from lethargy, or a general sense of being unwell. I just wasn't persuaded by Suther's presentation of those episodes as real physical suffering, indivisible from Raïssa's "*receuillement*"—the combination of prayer, meditation and contemplation that was Raïssa's work, or being. Pampered and, physically at least, idle—lying in bed cutting pictures out of magazines, being pushed in a wheelchair through spas—she seems, despite Suther's denials of hypochondria, a nineteenth-century neurasthenic.

Jacques described his wife as "in the world but not of it," but she was discontent with the life in New York, Princeton, and Easthampton (interrupted by summers in France and Jacques's stint at the Vatican), that Suther categorizes as "exile," a state of being necessitated by her heritage and Jacques's entirely praiseworthy World War II politics. In the United States, Véra, herself sick with serious illnesses, as usual dealt with tradesmen and tended her sister, Jacques was honored and supported, and Raïssa wrote more than before, but her gratitude at the reception America gave her, and even for her well-being in contrast to that of millions of others, seems *pro forma*. Suther says this is because she was waiting for God. But she was also homesick for France. Early in the book, explaining Raïssa's attachment to France, Suther refers to "the intense cultural patriotism of which the Jewish soul is capable." Toward the end, she says that Raïssa "always considered herself a Jew." There is, however, no cumulative "Jewish soul" and whatever roots Raïssa had in Hebraic tradition, she was in fact, and by her adamant choice, a Catholic.

My suspicion, however, is that she did not succeed in becoming a very developed one, because in discernible human terms she remained an over- and self-protected girl. Suther concedes that Raïssa—who was firm about women's subservient position, and apparently expected other people to take care of her—was anachronistic, and that sometimes her conduct was unintelligible, but she insists her subject was "exceptional" rather than "abnormal." Interested as I was in Suther's development of her thesis, I still couldn't agree. The book's advocacy, enthusiasm, and scholarship engaged me (Judith Suther is a professor of French at the University of North Carolina), but it's Jacques, or maybe Véra, I'd exert myself for and about. Raïssa seems a curiosity, her transaction with God too private—too limited—to serve as example or inspiration. □

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CHOOSING CHOICE

POLITICS, MARKETS, & AMERICA'S SCHOOLS
John E. Chubb and Terry Moe
The Brookings Institution, $28.95, $10.95 paper, 319 pp.

Don Wycliff

One of the great mysteries of American life is the almost religious reverence that the public schools inspire—even among people who are least well-served by them. It is that mysterious reverence that accounts, I suspect, for the inability of people who would radically change the American system of public schooling—people like John Chubb and Terry Moe—to get an honest hearing for and a rational public debate of their proposals. It also accounts for some of Chubb's and Moe's own lack of candor, particularly their refusal to apply the term "voucher" to the plan they propose, although that unquestionably is what it is. Simply to utter the word, they know, dooms a proposal to rejection out of hand by the public education establishment and its supporters. If "public school" is a term of reverence, "voucher" is an anathema.

Maybe the most important thing to understand about *Politics, Markets, and America's Schools* is that it is not principally about vouchers or, as Chubb and Moe would prefer, a market system for public education. By far the bulk of the book is a careful, scholarly analysis of what makes an effective school, based on some original research by the authors and some derived from earlier work by other scholars. And no one that I have heard of or talked with questions that it is sound research and valid analysis. As the authors state, "our effort...builds systematically on mainstream ideas and findings—but, in the end, puts a very different slant on things."

The essential mainstream finding is that, more than any attribute of its students or any aspect of its community, what makes for an effective school is the degree of autonomy it enjoys from bureaucratic and other outside influences. In short, what counts is how free the people on the firing line are to call the shots.

As the authors note, almost nobody in the education game now questions this. "All the major participants in democratic governance...complain that the schools are too bureaucratic," they write. "And they mean what they say. But they are the ones who bureaucratized the schools in the past, and they will continue to bureaucratize the schools in the future....The incentives to bureaucratize are built into the system. The institutions of democratic control ensure that, in the politics and governance of public education, bureaucracy is almost everyone's dominant strategy."

The problem, then, is democratic control of the public education system and the pernicious imperatives that go with it. In a sentence redolent of Ronald Reagan (one wonders why they shrank from the term "voucher" but so willingly summoned up the shade of the Gipper), the authors assert: "Government cannot be the solution because government is the problem."

So what is the solution?

As they sketch it in the last fifteen pages of the book, Chubb and Moe would create what they call a new system of public schools that would substitute the "indirect control" of the market for the "direct control" of democratic governance and its bureaucracies. In place of government-operated schools they would put a system of government-provided scholarships for all children. A child—and his or her parents—could use the voucher at any school that met certain minimal requirements for health and safety, teacher qualifications, and graduation requirements. Admission criteria would be entirely up to the individual school, subject only to non-discrimination requirements. And, crucially, private schools, including religiously affiliated ones, would be eligible to participate. As Chubb has stated, these institutions have proven themselves a valuable resource to too large a segment of the population to be excluded.

Would it work? Undoubtedly. But the more important questions are how well and compared to what. The authors readily acknowledge that "No institutional system can be expected to work perfectly under real-world conditions. Just as democratic institutions cannot offer perfect representation or perfect implementation of public policy, so markets cannot offer perfect competition or perfect choice."

What is important, they say, is that the two alternatives—democratic control and markets—"have very different consequences for the organization and performance of schools." Markets, they insist, by their very nature foster the kind of autonomy that makes for effective schools; democratic control fosters bureaucracy, which smothers autonomy.

Politics, Markets, and America's Schools cannot be written off as the work of crackpots. Chubb is a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution, Moe a professor of political science at Stanford. More than credentials, however, they have challenging ideas that demand intelligent consideration and response. If the hyperventilating of Bill Honig, California's superintendent of public instruction, on the Op-Ed page of the *New York Times* is any indication of the opponents' arguments, it will be some time before a rational debate is joined.

There are grounds for questioning the Chubb-Moe prescription. For example, in criticizing the current popular panacea of "school-based management," they observe that "as soon as problems arise—as soon as the schools make bad decisions or are perceived to be performing poorly or are faced with difficult situations that seem beyond their control—the authorities will find themselves under pressure to reassert their power."

That flaw will exist in any system, even a market-based one. For if there is any notion to which Americans are more attached than that of virtuous public schools, it is that there's nothing that can't be made better—with a little democratic attention.

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ANOTHER UNHAPPY FAMILY

FAMILY PICTURES
Sue Miller
Harper & Row, $24.95, 389 pp.

Crystal Gromer

"Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way": Who would argue with Tolstoy? And just what does he mean by "happy families" anyway? Perhaps their elusiveness—illusiveness, too—explains the relentlessness with which happy families have been represented on television in decades past and present. But no one goes home to Ozzie and Harriet.

In the first chapter of Sue Miller's second novel, Nina Eberhardt, sometimes main character, sometimes narrator, always headstrong and often wistful middle child of a family of six children, encounters an elderly former neighbor. Jogged, the old woman's memory lights on the image of the Eberhardt family: "'Now I remember the story. You were the family with that tragic young retarded boy.'"

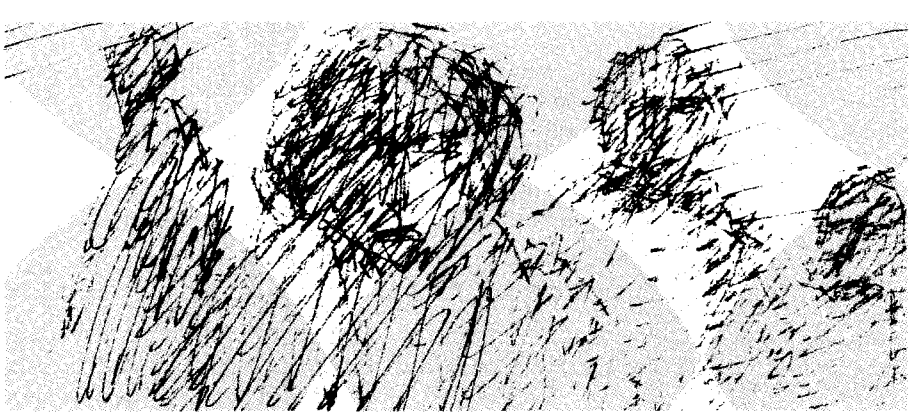
For that is the way the Eberhardt family is unhappy in its own way; that is the story Sue Miller has to tell in often powerfully drawn scenes that show how each member of the family responds to Randall, the autistic son. He is their touchstone.

His father, David, is a psychiatrist at the University of Chicago—tacked up in the kitchen is a picture of Freud, among the family pictures here—and David keeps a journal on Randall, noting from the time he is two the accomplishments and absences of "R." The journal also notes precisely what "L" thinks and says about the child; "L" is Lainey, David's wife and mother of, in order, Liddie, Macklin, Randall, Nina, Mary, Sarah. The time is the 1950s and Randall is Lainey's fault, which she promptly tries to disprove by the quick succession of three babies after Randall, whom she is at any point likely to scoop up and call "my perfect babies." They know they are compensation. Their father is given to calling that second set of three children "the last straws," "the extras," "the unexpected guests," "the surprise party," and most pointedly, "the little pitchers of health."

David is wry, dry, has nurses on the sly; Lainey is huge, explosive, somebody Ava Gardner might have played. She whoops, she thumps, she storms—she is a veritable Paul Bunyan of motherhood. At one point, her tears threaten to dissolve the household, minus David, who has already left it. For Lainey, every experience—religion, sex, motherhood—is sacramental, and she meets it fervently, trying to feed some deep need in her, already there before Randall's birth, but become desperate since it. Lainey is omnivorous, she overflows; David is contained, a raisin of wit.

What of the children of this marriage? The extremes are more serene, or at least distant: we know less of the eldest and youngest. We learn the most of the two born on either side of Randall. Nina, whose birth—and normalcy—is supposed to vindicate Lainey's role as mother after the blame accorded her for Randall, offers us our way into the family, for the novel is framed as a flashback and Nina, grown to be a photographer—hence the "family pictures" of the novel's title—controls the focus of those chapters she narrates. She is allied by birth order with her two younger sisters, the three little girls together making up a cohesive family unit that looks out on the rest of the family as "the giants."

Yet Nina is by temperament and by experience most like her brother Mack, and through her adolescence she sheds her younger sisters to form an allegiance with him, which has something to do with an allegiance to Randall as well. Surely the strongest scene in the novel is that between the two of them which closes Part One: it is the summer of 1966, and fifteen-year-old Nina has been taken up by her nineteen-year-old brother, just back from Harvard. She thrills to his notice. He and two of his friends take her to W.C. Fields movies (which they are disappointed to find she doesn't get), they take her to the Point in Hyde Park, they celebrate her naiveté, they offer her grass. One night, thoroughly stoned themselves, they get her high, really high, on marijuana brownies, and then Mack and his two friends and Nina go upstairs to her room. Recently redecorated with complete concessions to her coming maturity, her room was Randall's before he was sent away. Then it had been scarred, a wasteland, the walls peeled back by the aging little boy, its only furniture a mattress on the floor covered with the red blanket that solaced him. Now it has a vanity with a flowered skirt and a three-way mirror; it has wallpaper of birds on a cream background among blue and and yellow flowers. With as much method as they can manage, the four teenagers tear away at the wallpaper, leaving strips of it behind, a flower here, a bird there. They enact Randall's madness at the same time they reveal it, for Nina is struck by "the odd beauty of the walls with the multiple layers of pattern and paint." This is her goodbye, this is Mack's goodbye, to the brother just



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sent off, finally sent off, to a distant institution. The scene is haunting, unshakable, capturing in it much that feels true of adolescence, summer, the sixties, Hyde Park, and grief, unspoken, that is too large to bear.

What Sue Miller does best is observe. She observes meticulously. That is what makes scenes such as these so powerful, so believable, and there are others—especially scenes between father and son, one of the most vivid when David, relieved to be away from the claustrophobia of Lainey's Christmas ritual, brings the eight-year-old Mack to the hospital for stitches to close the gash in his foot caused by stepping on an ornament (of course he was supposed to be wearing his slippers, but he couldn't find them) broken by Randall. Miller's device of using Nina as a photographer collecting the family pictures is particularly appropriate to her own strengths as a novelist.

And yet the novel as a whole is curiously mechanical, and though well seen, it is often unfelt. We grind through these chapters. There is so much explaining in them. They are wearying. Reading *Family Pictures* is a little like sitting around the Thanksgiving Day table, too full, listening to the endless stories that are supposed to enable you to catch up on what other family members are doing—all the while the Macy's Day Parade or football games drone on in the background, and it is only four o'clock in the afternoon. This novel is long just the way Thanksgiving or a college graduation or a family reunion is long. In 389 pages, we end up spending a lot of time with the Eberhardt family, and, as in any family, that is not always rewarding. Moreover, there is a curious absence in the book, analogous to that absence Lainey is aware of in David when she turns to him in a fervour of desperate sexuality after Randall's diagnosis, when she wants to make him love her, love their flawed child, through her body. For the novel, it is not as much as absence of heart as of art: a similar feverishness, or overinsistence, sometimes invades the narrative, the sentences choke up with the very effort of the author to tell, and there is not one to turn back to with the awe of recognition or grace.

We can learn from this novel, once again and perhaps in an entirely different way, the truth of Tolstoy's maxim. The greater temptation, however, is to slip back to *Anna Karenina* instead and find out just why everything in the Oblonsky household is topsy-turvy.

REVIEWERS

FRANCIS FLAHERTY *is a New York-based writer specializing in legal issues.*

MADELINE MARGET, *a writer and reviewer, is working on a book about the humane delivery of high-tech medical care.*

DON WYCLIFF, *a former* New York Times *reporter and editorial writer, is now deputy editorial page editor of the* Chicago Tribune.

CRYSTAL GROMER *teaches humanities at Vermont Technical College.*

LAWRENCE S. CUNNINGHAM *writes the religious booknotes for* Commonweal; *he teaches theology at the University of Notre Dame.*

IN BRIEF

DECREES OF THE ECUMENICAL COUNCILS (2 vol.), *edited by Norman P. Tanner, S.J., Georgetown University Press, $195, 2,400 pp.*

In the 1960s, in response to the Second Vatican Council's efforts at church reformation, the *Istituto per Scienze Religiose* was founded in Bologna, Italy, to do serious research in matters both theological and historical with a special emphasis on conciliar matters. One great project undertaken by the institute was a critical edition of all of the decrees and canons of the twenty-one ecumenical councils from Nicaea to Vatican II itself. The *Conciliorum Oecumenicorum Decreta* (its Latin title) has gone through three editions (the last was published in 1973) as *errata* were detected and new emendations came to light.

A group of British Jesuit scholars under the editorship of Norman P. Tanner, S.J. had the felicitous notion of reproducing those texts with English translations. The result is the current two-volume set which I have no hesitation in describing as both beautifully realized and, for the theologian and intellectual historian, indispensable.

Each of the councils is briefly introduced with an historical essay and concluded with a bibliography of secondary sources for study and consultation. The critical text of the conciliar decrees in Greek and/or Latin is printed on the *verso* (along with a modest critical apparatus) while the English translation appears on the *recto*. The pagination is such that it conforms to the original *COD* so that scholarly citations will be uniform. At the end of volume two there is both a chronological appendix of all of the councils and a series of indices (running to over two hundred pages) which tabulate scriptural, patristic, and liturgical references as well as citations from documents of the Roman magisterium and canon law. This is followed by an index of proper names and an exhaustive index of subject matter. The entire set is elegantly printed on acid-free paper and comes boxed. The bindings are such that the book lies flat when in use. Finally, one is grateful that the translators were sensitive to the need for gender-inclusive language; thus the *omnes homines* of Vatican II, to cite one small example, is rightly translated as "all men and women."

Until the publication of this work there

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was no single source which collected all of the decrees and canons of all of the councils in one place with the result that theologians either had to hunt down material in various places or, more typically, rely on the brief excerpts found in one of the many editions of that old warhorse the *Enchiridion Symbolorum* of Henry Denziger.

Determined students of the councils will still have to consult the many volumes of Mansi's classic *Amplissima Collectio* for the *Acta* (the proceedings of the councils; the *Acta* do not appear, understandably enough, in Tanner's work) of the councils through Vatican I and the emergent *Acta* of Vatican II, but for most this work will more than suffice as a research tool for one of the basic sources for Christian theology.

The price of the set might give pause. There is a good chance that it will first find its way onto reference shelves of theology departments and in college and university libraries. That would be a modest institutional investment for such a crucial work. Perhaps Georgetown University Press, which is to be congratulated for seeing the work through to print, might be encouraged, when initial costs are recouped, to issue the work in a less expensive format since, in my estimation, every student of theology will consult the work and, in time, need to possess it for his or her personal library.

LAWRENCE S. CUNNINGHAM

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 562)

community that chooses to support [denial of housing and employment rights to homosexuals] must accept a significant share of the guilt for permitting and perpetuating that terrible injustice."

ACT-UP & friends

Dallas, Tex.

To the Editors: The scene described in Robert Dawson's "ACT-UP Acts Out" is sad and disgusting. But there's something remarkably familiar about it: A group of people, with bullhorn blaring, marches in front of a large hospital, disturbing the patients and the neighborhood, because they cannot accept the law of the land....No respect for law, for peaceful dissent, for the ballot box, just: "You'll do as we say or you can't live here in peace."

The head of that group is still its head, and its members are still arrogantly confronting women who try to enter clinics; they still lie down on the streets, behaving like ill-mannered children, spoiled and rebellious, unfit to live in a democracy, where there must be tolerance, civility, obedience to law, respect for opinions other than one's own.

The behavior of dissenters at the cathedral in Boston was a perfect example of the spread of the right-to-lifers' mentality. They must be proud. They thought of it first.

MARY LADD

Why be surprised?

Detroit, Mich.

To the Editors: Robert Dawson's report [September 14] expressed justifiable revulsion for the tactics of the protestors during the recent ordination celebration in Boston Cathedral. Still, ACT-UP's choice of this particular event seems somewhat appropriate. Without personal knowledge of any of the ordinands, I suspect it would be safe to assume that none of them have concretely challenged the church's official position on sexual issues. If they had, they would likely not be celebrating their ordination at this time. Somehow, staging the protest at this event makes sense; after all, this was the ritual which joins these men to the ranks of those who officially speak for the church.

Dawson appears surprised and disturbed that the Boston media minimized the irreverent methods used by ACT-UP and that public officials withheld criticism. Is that so surprising when church officials have so insensitively attacked public servants who support abortion rights or equal justice for gays and lesbians?

Granted, ACT-UP's methods undermine its message. At the same time, I am confused as to what tactics *ought* to be employed. Dialogue seems to have been banned by the church hierarchy itself. There is equal irony in the hierarchy's homophobic and antifeminist stance. Regretting the actions and verbal violence directed toward my church, I am convinced that the hierarchy will continue to experience these attacks as long as it refuses to address the issues in question adequately.

MICHAEL AUMAN

No comparison

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors: From my point of view, *Commonweal* gets better with each issue. As a member of the clergy of a church (Episcopalian) which, in the half-century during which I have been involved in its ministry, has never produced a periodical worth much more than the paper it was printed on, I have relied on your publication almost from its beginning. In spite of what to someone of the Anglican persuasion seems an overabundance of articles on abortion, there just isn't any other religious publication that can come close to *Commonweal*.

(THE REV.) MICHAEL R. BECKER

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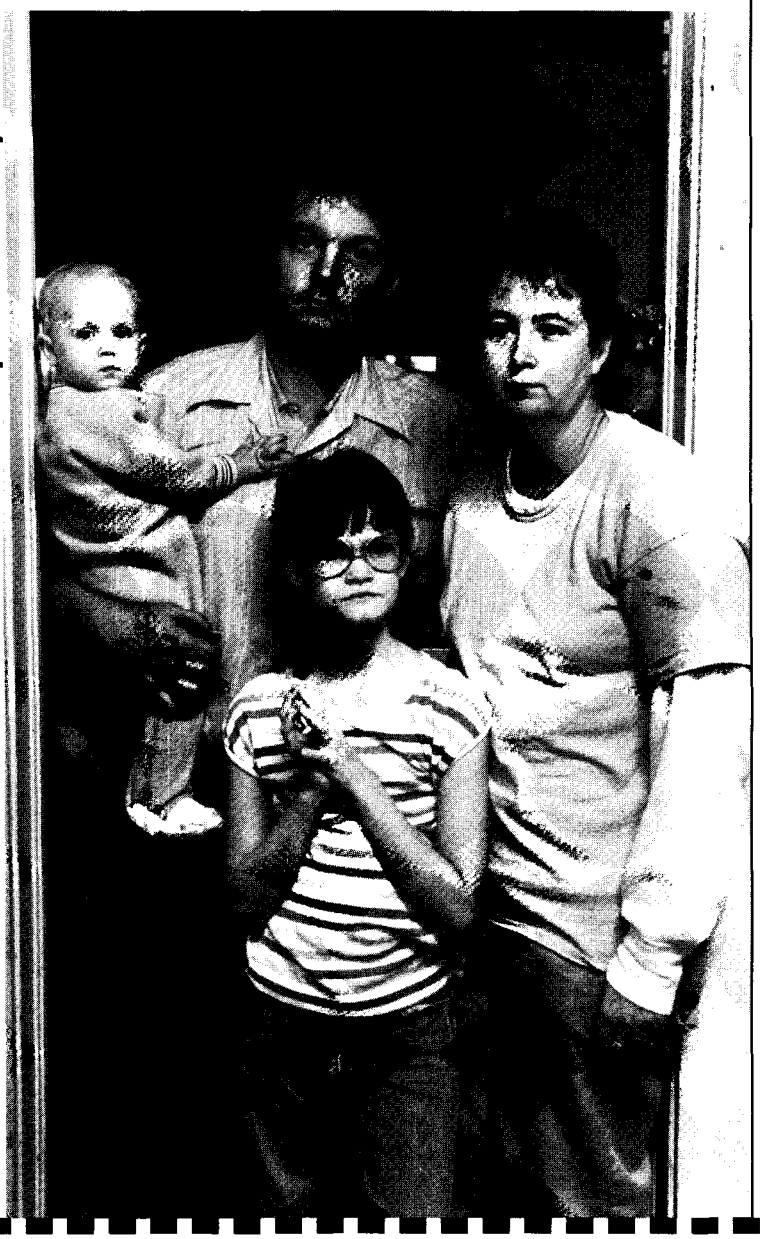

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Since 1976, HABITAT FOR HUMANITY has helped over 5,000 needy families in the U.S. and overseas achieve their dream of a simple, decent home.

Right now we're looking for caring people to help us build hundreds of homes. Because we receive no government funds for the construction of homes, a gift from you of $20, $35, or more will make a big difference. Please send a generous tax-deductible donation today.

YES, I'LL HELP provide a decent place to live for a needy family.

Enclosed is a gift of:

❑ $20 ❑ $35 ❑ $50 ❑ $100 ❑ $_____ OACW1

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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Habitat for Humanity International is an ecumenical Christian organization committed to eliminating poverty housing around the world.

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